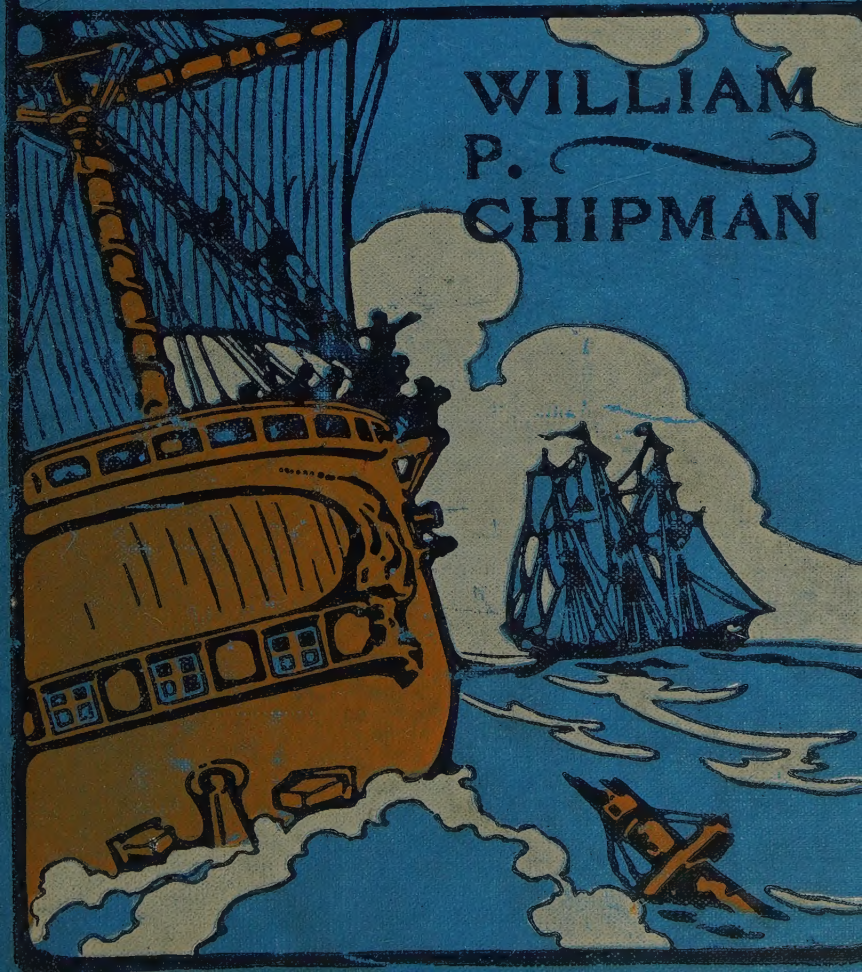
In THE TRACK of THE ENEMY

WILLIAM P. CHIPMAN



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"What do you make of that, Midshipman Gardiner?" asked the Captain, as I picked up the letter. Page 216.
Frontispiece. —*In the Track of the Enemy.*

In the Track of the Enemy

A Story of Naval Prowess in 1776, as told by Midshipman Henry Gardiner

By WILLIAM P. CHIPMAN

Author of "A Brave Defense," "A Daring Capture," "Two Yankee Middies," "A Yankee Lad's Pluck," etc., etc.

With Six Page Illustrations
By J. WATSON DAVIS

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IN THE TRACK OF THE ENEMY

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EXPLANATORY NOTE.

On May 10, 1776, Paul Jones, at that time first lieutenant of the frigate *Alfred*, lying in the harbor of New London (Conn.), received orders to repair at once to Newport, R. I., and take command of the sloop of war *Providence*, carrying fourteen guns and having a crew of one hundred and seven men. He started the next day, taking with him, beside his two negro boys, Cato and Scipio, ten comrades from the *Alfred*. Arriving safely in Newport two days later, he immediately boarded the vessel to which he had been assigned, and sailed for New York, where he took on stores and a number of able-bodied seamen. On June 14th he sailed on a general cruise, ranging from Bermuda to the Banks of Newfoundland. . . . This cruise, in view of the small size and feeble force of the sloop, was remarkable alike for its boldness, pertinacity, and

success. . . . Two daring incursions were made on shore, and sixteen vessels of various descriptions were captured. . . . Nov. 4th Captain Jones was transferred to the *Alfred*, and with the *Providence* as a consort, he made another cruise of thirty-three days, during which he captured seven more ships from the enemy. Two of these, the *Mellish* and the *Biddeford*, were the most important and valuable prizes yet made by the Continental Navy.—*Condensed from Buell's Life of Paul Jones.*

It is the story of the above remarkable cruises that Midshipman Gardiner (one of the ten comrades Paul Jones selected from the crew of the *Alfred* to accompany him on his new command) is made to tell here. From the roster of the *Providence* the names of lads numbered with the crew have been taken, and the incidents related are in the main those which actually occurred during the two cruises. The parts the young seamen are made to play are not at all overdrawn, and the entire story is intended to be a faithful picture of that summer's naval prowess which won for Paul Jones his captain's commission, and laid the foundation for his even more remarkable career. It is a picture, so far as the writer knows, which has never before been drawn

in any fulness of detail for the youth of America. He trusts that from it his readers may learn new lessons of heroism, of fidelity, and of greater love for the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

WILLIAM P. CHIPMAN.

IN THE TRACK OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH I AM CALLED UP AT MIDNIGHT.

I AM an old man now, and during my long life I naturally have met with many experiences which have filled me with elation ; but if I were asked which had been the red-letter day in life's calendar I should answer unhesitatingly : That on which I reached my eighteenth year.

This was May 11, 1776. For four months I had held a midshipman's commission, serving on the frigate *Alfred*, the flag-ship of Commodore Ezek Hopkins. During that time we had made the one cruise for which that officer is famous—the one which had for its object the capture of the British forts of New Providence in the Great

Bahamas. On our return—early in April—we ran into New London harbor, where the vessels of the squadron discharged the cargoes of guns and stores we had secured ; and there we were at the time of which I write, awaiting orders from the Naval Committee of the Continental Congress.

During those weeks of waiting Charley Hill (my junior by less than a month, both in age and the date of his commission) and I made frequent visits to the shore, rambling into every nook and corner of the forts on the east and west banks of the river which were destined to pass through so terrible a baptism of fire a few years later ; and on this particular morning—to which I have alluded—we sat in our mess-room, planning a sort of picnic over in the woods back of Fort Trumbull in honor of my birthday, provided we could get a leave of absence, when the boatswain's whistle piped all hands on deck.

" Our orders have come ! " Charley exclaimed, as we sprang to our feet and rushed for the companionway.

" And that means no picnic for us," I retorted,

as we started up the ladder, little realizing the full force of my words.

Barely were we through the hatch when a second whistle from the boatswain called all hands into line amidships, and there, a moment later, the whole ship's company assembled in orderly attention. When we were in our places, Captain Salstonstall, accompanied by his executive officer, Lieutenant Paul Jones, came up out of the cabin and faced us from the quarter-deck.

"Officers and crew of the *Alfred*," he began, "it becomes my duty to inform you that Lieutenant Jones has received orders to take immediate command of the sloop of war *Providence*, now at Newport, Rhode Island. The same order directs him to fill up the roster of the sloop in part from the crew of this frigate. He will now call off the men he has chosen."

As he ceased speaking Lieutenant Jones stepped two paces to the front, and glanced us over with a keen eye. Instantly a silence fell upon us so intense each one of us could hear the beating of his own heart. There was not a man of us but what hoped his name would be called, for the

four months we had been on board the frigate had taught us that in ability and courage and seamanship Lieutenant Jones had no peer in the whole fleet. I do not think I overstate the fact when I declare that every one of the hundred and forty men lined up there on the deck of the flagship that day felt sure that a brilliant and successful career awaited the young lieutenant, and not one wanted a better streak of luck than to have his lot cast in with him. But we also knew we were under the scrutiny of one who was a rare judge of men, and who would allow only real merit to count in his selection.

As for myself I grew both hot and cold in my suspense—hot with the thought: what if I should be chosen; and cold with the fear that I had done nothing during our cruise to warrant such a choice. This I knew, however: that it would be the proudest day in my life if my name was only called out.

It seemed an hour that we stood there waiting for the officer to speak, though I now know it was not over two minutes. Then he said quietly enough:

"My lads, I am sorry I am not permitted to choose a larger number of you, but I am limited to ten. As I call your names take your places here at my right, as I wish to consult with you as soon as the roll is finished;" then taking a slip of paper from his pocket,—showing that he had made out his list with great care,—he continued in slow and distinct tones:

"Lieutenant Richard Wallingford," and the second officer of the frigate walked over to the assigned place, the cynosure of all eyes.

"Lieutenant Nathaniel Fanning," and the third officer, with a broad smile on his face, crossed over and stood beside his equally fortunate comrade.

"Midshipman Henry Gardiner," and, as that was my own name, I went over to the side of Lieutenant Fanning—at least I must have done so, though I was so beside myself with ecstasy I had little recollection of the act itself until I found myself standing there. Then the name of Midshipman Charles Hill was called, and, realizing I was not to be separated from my messmate in my good fortune, my joy was complete.

The names of the other six men now followed

in rapid order, and Nathan Sargent, the chief quarter-master, and William Hickborn, the ship's carpenter, Jack Robinson, Owen Starbuck, Samuel Stacey, and Thomas Potter, of the crew, were chosen. Then the rest of the ship's company were piped to their regular duties, while Lieutenant Jones turned to us, saying kindly :

"If any of you prefer to remain on the frigate you are at liberty to do so, and I will fill your places with others."

"No ! No !" we cried out together ; "we wish to go with you."

A smile lighted up his face as he replied :

"Be it so then, and you have until eight bells to stow your bags and bid farewell to your shipmates. Then the cutter will bring you over to Latham's wharf on the Groton shore, where you will find me awaiting you."

One can do a lot in an hour when the heart is in it, yet I hardly think we should have been ready for our departure, had not the willing hands of our mates, fore and aft, assisted us, though all the while they deplored their own fate that they were not going with us. Promptly as the bell

told off its eight strokes, therefore, we, with our last good-byes to such of the crew as had accompanied us to the railing, swung ourselves down into the waiting boat, and started for the shore.

Under the lusty strokes of four stout tars, the craft, though heavily loaded, made good speed, and in ten minutes we were alongside the dock. Not until our bags had been tossed up on the planking, and we had clambered up beside them, did we have any idea of how our journey overland was to be made. Then the sight of two saddled horses, held by Lieutenant Jones' negro boys, Cato and Scipio, and a rude cart, drawn by a pair of oxen, prepared us for our commander's explanation and directions :

" I'm sorry, lads, I cannot make better arrangements for you than this. But the next stage does not leave until day after to-morrow at noon,—the hour when we are expected to be in Newport. Nor could I secure but two saddle-horses. So you will have to pack your bags in the cart, and tramp beside it until I can secure animals for you. This I hope to do at Hopkinton City. Lieutenant

Wallingford and I will take the steeds and go on ahead of you as far as there."

Then addressing Lieutenant Fanning alone, he continued :

"You, sir, are to take charge of the party. Here is a map of the route you are to follow. Bring my negroes along with you."

In another minute he and Lieutenant Wallingford had mounted the horses, and galloped off up the hill, while we, not at all disheartened at the prospect of a twenty-mile walk, speedily loaded our bags upon the waiting vehicle and followed them.

All along the way we met with evidences of Lieutenant Jones' thoughtful care. At the tavern in Center Groton a luncheon of doughnuts, pie, cheese and cider was awaiting us ; at the tavern in Mystic a warm and hearty dinner of boiled beef, vegetables and plum-duff, was in readiness, and there fresh oxen had been secured for the second stage of our journey ; at a farmhouse in North Stonington a third repast of boiled eggs, gingerbread, and milk had been provided ; and when, just at dark, we marched into the tiny city of

Hopkinton, which could boast of only a grist-mill, a saw-mill, a tannery, a blacksmith-shop, a meeting-house, and a dozen dwellings, we found the table at Spicer's inn groaning beneath the weight of victuals which had been made ready for our coming, and which our lieutenants were waiting to share with us.

But scarcely had we taken our seats around the table when we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and the next moment a loud voice called out in front of the tavern door:

"Hey there, keeper of the inn! Tell me, is there one Lieutenant Jones of the Continental Navy beneath your hospitable roof?"

"There is," answered Master Spicer in equally loud tones, "and he has just sat down at the table with his men. Dismount, my good sir, and rest yourself and your beast until he has finished his supper, and then I'll tell him of your arrival."

"Dismount I certainly will," the new-comer responded, and by the sound that immediately followed we knew he had jumped down upon the broad stone step before the door. "As for my

horse," he continued, the instant he was on his feet, "you may put him in your stable, and saddle me a fresh one, for I return to Providence the moment my interview with Lieutenant Jones is over," and without further ado he strode across the floor to the door of our dining-hall, on which he pounded in unceremonious fashion.

"Come in," Lieutenant Jones cried out, and instantly the door was flung wide open.

We looked up to see a strapping fellow in the dress of an orderly sergeant, with pistols in his belt and a huge sword dangling at his side, whose first glance at us and our well-laden table was clearly one of desire to join us in the feasting; then, evidently remembering his mission, he turned towards our commander, saying, as he doffed his hat:

"A thousand pardons, lieutenant, for this intrusion, but I must see you alone at once."

"Will not your message wait, sergeant, while you join us in this repast?" Lieutenant Jones questioned, rising from his chair and bowing graciously towards the stranger.

"I wish I might, sir," the man admitted rue-

fully, "but I deem it wiser to acquaint you with my mission, and then whether we better delay long enough to regale ourselves at Master Spicer's table you shall yourself be the judge."

"Very well," was the good-natured assent, and, having bidden us to continue our feasting though he was himself absent, the lieutenant walked over to the messenger, and led him out across the front hall, and upstairs to his own room.

We finished our supper, tarried for a while in the living room of the inn, and then went off to our beds, while our commander and his visitor still remained closeted together. Charley Hill and I occupied the same chamber, which was across the corridor from Lieutenant Jones' room, and the low murmur of voices was still in my ears as I sank off into a refreshing sleep. How long I slept I do not know, but I was aroused by a loud knock on my door, and when I gathered my wits enough to ask: "Who is there? What is wanted?" the voice of Master Spicer responded, saying: "Lieutenant Jones wishes you to come to his room at once."

Springing out of bed, I hurriedly dressed, and

crossed the hall to the lieutenant's door. To my gentle rap he himself replied : "Come in."

Entering, I found him alone, and seated at a small table covered with papers, which he was busily making up into a bundle. He paused in his work to say :

"I'm sorry to have disturbed your slumbers, Midshipman Gardiner, but a complete change in my plans has compelled me to send for you. In an hour I shall start for Providence, taking both Lieutenant Wallingford and Lieutenant Fanning with me. This places you in charge of the squad, and I wish to give you directions about your journey. Finding it impossible to secure horses for you, I propose to send you and your mates over the shortest route to Newport. Leaving here after breakfast you will proceed down Tomaquag valley to the post road through Charlestown and South Kingstown to Tower Hill, where you will pass the night. The following morning you will go on to South Ferry, where you will cross over to Newport. Master Spicer has kindly marked out the road on this piece of paper and written in the names of men along the way who are friendly

to our cause, and from whom you can secure food for yourself and men, and relays of oxen for the cart. Here is a sum of money sufficient, I think, to meet all expenses. Good-night!" and handing me the paper and the coins he resumed the work on which he had been engaged when I entered.

"Good-night, sir," I answered as I took the articles, and then went back to my room.

But I did not return to my bed until I had examined the paper given me, and made sure that I understood the route over which we were to go in all its details. This was not a hard task, however, as Master Spicer had done his work well, and when I again laid my head upon my pillow I felt satisfied I could lead my little party to its destination without the slightest difficulty. It was the overconfidence of youth and inexperience, and, before we reached the place for our next night's lodging, I was glad to accept the counsel and guidance of another.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH ANTHONY JEREMIAH COMES TO THE RESCUE.

We began our journey the following morning under an overcast sky, and with an east wind howling dismally. Evidently rain was imminent. But time was too precious to permit our delaying because of a threatening storm, and, buttoning our coats to the chin, we trudged on down the valley over a road so rough our cart creaked and groaned heavily.

The first name on my list was that of Daniel Lewis, who owned a forge and saw-mill several miles below Hopkinton City, and just as we came in sight of his buildings we met with our first mishap. Under a sudden jolt of the cart the axle snapped short off near the right wheel, and down went the body of the vehicle with a force

that spilled out half our baggage. For a moment I gazed at the ruin in dismay, and then, remembering I had a carpenter in my party, I turned to William Hickborn, asking :

"Can the break be mended, Master Hickborn?"

Before answering he stooped down and examined the injured axle, and then he replied :

"No, sir ; you will have to have a new axle, or another cart."

"Shall I go to yonder house, and see if we can procure a new outfit?" Charley Hill inquired.

"No," I responded, "you may remain here, and direct the unloading of our bags, and I will go on myself and interview Master Daniel Lewis, who lives there."

I spoke the name clearly and with considerable emphasis, for I had as yet confided in no one—not even Midshipman Hill—that I had been given the names of the men along our route of whom we could expect aid, and I intended to awaken the surprise of my comrades that I should know who lived in the dwelling adjacent to us. Nor was I disappointed. Even Charley Hill looked at me as though he thought I was trying to spring

some joke on him; and, chuckling to myself, I went down the road to the forge.

I found Master Lewis in the shop, and quickly explained to him who we were, and the predicament we were now in. His first act was to grasp my hand and give it a hearty shake; and then, pointing towards a new axle which stood in a corner of the building, he remarked:

"I finished that yesterday. It belongs to Abel Tanner, a neighbor, but if your wheels fit it, you shall have it, while he waits for me to make him another.

He now accompanied me back to the broken cart, where he carefully measured the axle-holes of the wheels, and then said in all seriousness:

"It is evident the good Lord meant that axle in my shop for this emergency. Had these wheels been at my hand while I was making it, it could not have been a better fit. The next thing is to get the cart down there, and we'll be able to fix you up in short order."

A stout pole was secured, and run under the broken end of the axle. Then two of my men lifted it up to the level of the opposite side; the

patient oxen were started ; and slowly we trundled the vehicle down to the forge.

While Master Lewis, assisted by Master Hickborn, was taking out the old and putting in the new axle, I had my men bring our baggage down from the roadside to the shop in readiness to load the moment the cart was repaired, for I wished to make our forced delay as brief as possible. But Master Lewis had quite another plan in mind. Once he left his work to go over to his dwelling, only a few rods away. He returned so promptly I thought little of it at the time, but found, when our cart was finished and loaded, that that brief visit to the house had been to tell Mistress Lewis and her daughters to get ready a luncheon for us, and nothing would do now but our partaking of it before we resumed our journey. It was, therefore, two hours before we were again on our way with well-filled stomachs, and in a happy frame of mind, for the good man would not accept a shilling from us for his work, his axle, or his food.

"I can at least help on the cause this much," was his firm response, and knowing his heart was

in it, we pressed him no further, but assured him that his generous kindness should be duly reported to our commander. Under the radiance of such friendship and hospitality our way did not seem so rough, nor our journey so great a task, as it had earlier in the day, and we made good progress to the Pawcatuck river. Fording this, we passed into Charlestown, and made our first stop at the tavern kept by Master Burdick, who received us kindly, furnishing us with a hearty dinner, and an exchange of oxen.

These animals were young and not well broken, but their driver kept them well in hand until we reached the top of Shumunkanug hill. Here a fox suddenly leaped out of the woods and ran across the road ahead of them. Startled by the animal the steers first shied to the left, striking their driver and throwing him under the wheels of the cart; then they dashed away down the steep and rugged hill.

Our first thought was for the injured man, and hastening to his side we found to our consternation that one of his legs was broken. Here was trouble and delay indeed. The last house we

had passed was fully a mile back, and how far it was on to the next, I did not know. But to carry the unfortunate fellow to the nearest dwelling was so clearly the proper thing to do, I told two of my men to go on after the oxen, and ascertain whether there was a habitation near us in that direction. Before they could start, however, the driver himself came to our help. Between his groans he informed us that a man named Abram Allen lived at the foot of the hill, and not over a half-mile away, and suggested that we make a litter and carry him there.

Quickly my men cut a number of stout poles with their sheath-knives, and then wove in and out between the rods a thick matting of boughs. On this rude stretcher we placed the sufferer, and started on down the hill with him. Every few feet we came upon a bag which had been thrown from the cart; half-way down the hill we found a broken wheel; at the turn into Master Allen's place we ran upon the body of the vehicle; while in the good man's barnyard, reeking with sweat, were the runaway beasts.

The farmer had discovered them just before

our arrival, and, calling a man from the field to accompany him, he was about to climb the hill in search of the owner of the oxen. Not until the injured man had been placed in bed, and a messenger despatched for the nearest surgeon, would Master Allen listen to our story. But when he had heard it he was as prompt to help us as he had been to provide for the comfort of our suffering attendant. He yoked his oxen to his cart, assisted us to recover and reload our scattered baggage, and furnished us with a negro driver, who was told to accompany us through to Tower Hill, where we expected to pass the night.

This individual was soon on the best of terms with Cato and Scipio, Lieutenant Jones' negro boys, and, walking by his side they filled his ears with tales of their old Virginian home and life upon the sea. Whether it was these stories that turned the fellow's head, or he really did not know the road over which we were to go, I have never been able to decide. But when—a mile or two below Master Allen's—we came to a fork in the road he took the left branch, while I thought

he ought to have taken the right. So I called out to him, asking if he were sure he had made the right turn.

"Sartin, Massa," he replied confidently. "I knows de way jess like a book."

Thus reassured I allowed him to go on until we came to a large sheet of water on our right.

"What pond is that?" I inquired.

"Pasquesett, Massa," he promptly answered.

"Pasquesett! Why that ought to be on our left, not on our right!" I exclaimed, and gave the order for the party to halt while I examined my map of the route.

There, sure enough, was a pond marked Pasquesett, and below, or to the south of it, our path ran.

"Sambo," I continued, "you made the wrong turn back yonder. We should have taken the other road."

The negro stuck his arms akimbo, and retorted:

"Dat may be your way ob goin' to Tower Hill, but 'tain't mine. Dis am de way Massa Allen

an' me alwus goes. Nebber ye fear, I'll bring ye out dere all right."

I passed the paper over to Charley Hill, and, after he had examined it, consulted with him as to what I had better do. He said:

"If I were back there at the forks, I certainly should follow the route you have marked down here. But it is possible there is another road to Tower Hill. Sambo claims to have been there, and so ought to know. To go back is to lose an hour of time. I think we better go on."

I thought the advice of my comrade reasonable, and gave the command to move along. A half-mile down the road we met a well-dressed man on horseback, of whom I made inquiry about the way. He replied courteously:

"You should have taken the right branch back yonder at the forks. That was the most direct route to Tower Hill. But now, rather than retrace your steps, you better keep on to the north of the Great Swamp until you come to Little Rest Hill,* where you can stop for the night.

* Now Kingston Hill.

Then, by making an extra early start to-morrow morning, you can reach South Ferry in time to cross over to Newport before noon."

When he had passed beyond our hearing we chaffed Sambo considerably about his knowledge of the way, but he still stoutly maintained that he knew where he was, and would bring us out quickly and safely to our destination.

"Dis am de way I alwus go, an' I don't care nuthin for de imflamation ob a stranger," he concluded scornfully.

I hardly knew what to make of this persistency on the part of the negro, unless he did actually know the way. I also recalled that Master Allen, in telling him that he was to accompany us to Tower Hill, had spoken as though the fellow was familiar with the road. This still seemed a reasonable view of the affair, yet there was my map and the words of the stranger to confirm the fact that we were well off our route. In the dilemma I decided to keep on, and, in case Sambo proved unable to fulfil his promise, to accept the advice of the man on horseback, and stop for the night at Little Rest Hill.

Having come to this conclusion, I directed Sambo to quicken the pace of the oxen, for the afternoon was fast waning, and before we could go many miles night would be upon us. The rain too, which had been threatening since dawn, now began to fall, and in a short time settled into a steady downpour. The storm hastened the coming of the darkness, and it was not long before we found it difficult to make out our way.

To add to our discomfiture, we at this juncture came to a parting in the road. One branch went off due east, through what seemed to be a dense forest; the other turned due north, which certainly was not the direction we wished to go. Naturally I looked to Sambo to decide on our course, but the negro now for the first time hesitated, and finally confessed:

"I dunno, Massa, which am de road. 'Pears like I'm all turned 'round. I sartinly nebber seen dis place afore."

In my wrath I was inclined to chastise the fellow with his own ox-goad, but before I could act Charley Hill spoke up:

"Yonder is a house; had I not better go there

and inquire about the roads? We do not want to make any more mistakes to-night."

I then noticed for the first time the light in a dwelling a few rods up the north branch, and I quickly replied:

"Go, by all means."

He returned in five minutes, accompanied by a tall, grizzly-bearded man of uncertain years, who said his name was Elliott Perkins. I do not know why I did not distrust the fellow, because of his persistent curiosity to find out all about us before he told us which road to take. But I presume it was my anxiety to settle the matter of roads that kept all suspicion from my mind. At length, to my relief, he said:

"Either road will take you to Little Rest Hill, but the right one is nowhere near as long as the other. I'd go by that."

Hastily thanking him for his kindness, we turned into the right path, and were soon wrapped in the dense blackness of the woods. Soon, too, the roadbed began to grow soft and spongy; then it became downright mud, through which the oxen wallowed with great difficulty.

"Are you keeping in the road, Sambo?" I at length called out from my position behind the cart.

For answer there was a sudden plunge. Team and man seemed to have gone suddenly down into a stream or pond, and the next minute the negro cried:

"Golly, Massa, where be I? I'se in mud an' water clean to my neck, an' de oxes am sunk way to dar bellies. We'll nebber git out in dis world. I'se a gone nigger, I is."

I peered through the darkness, but could see nothing. The floundering of the negro and beasts, however, I could plainly hear, and thinking they had fallen into a quagmire, I called out:

"Keep as quiet as you can, Sambo, until we can get a light. Then we'll pull you out." I then turned to speak to Jack Robinson, who I knew carried a pocket flint and steel, intending to ask him to gather some fir boughs from the forest, and start a fire. But I never gave the order, for as I turned I beheld a man with a lantern in one hand, and a coil of rope in the other, running toward us. Soon he was near

enough for me to see that he was an Indian lad of about my own age, who, catching sight of us at the same moment, shouted out:

"Me Anthony Jeremiah! Me help you!"

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH ANTHONY JEREMIAH BECOMES A SAILOR.

In the brief time it took the Indian to reach us, I remember speculating over two facts: Where he got his peculiar name; and how he knew of our sad plight, and, equipped with both lantern and rope, came so quickly to our assistance. But these speculations faded away unsettled, as he came into our midst, and, lifting up his light so its rays fell on the mud-stuck negro and oxen, exclaimed:

"Ugh!" Kettle-hole! Bad place!"

Then he passed the lantern over to me, saying tersely: "Hold!" In another instant he had uncoiled his rope and thrown an end out to Sambo with the brief direction: "Tie under arm!" Flinging the remaining portion of the line back among my men the moment the negro had obeyed his command, he added: "Pull!" They promptly obeyed, and a minute later the grimed driver was

up beside us, little the worse for his plunge; but before he was fairly out of the slough Master Jeremiah had leaped over on to the cart, and picked up the topmost bag. "Catch!" he now called out, and threw it toward us. A stream of bags followed, until the body of the vehicle was empty. Then the agile lad ran out on the tongue between the oxen, and with a swift movement freed its end from the yoke-ring. So quickly did he do this, and spring back into the cart bed, that his moccasined feet escaped the wave of mud that immediately swept over the falling pole.

"Rope!" he next cried, holding out his hands towards us. Jack Robinson, who had coiled the line up after Sambo was rescued, and was now holding it in readiness for its next service, tossed it out to him. Dexterously catching it, the lad tied one end to the axle just inside of the right wheel, and the other end in a similar manner over next to the left wheel. Then taking the doubled cord at its center he sprang back upon the solid ground near us.

"Here!" he said, spreading the rope so as to give us two straight lines—one to the right and

the other to the left end of the axle—"Pull!" His order was understood, and forming into two rows my men hove away on the stout cord. Slowly the imbedded cart moved back until the wheels touched the bank of the slough.

"Take wheel! Lift!" was Master Jeremiah's next command, and as he spoke he himself leaped to the nearest one. Samuel Stacey hastened to help him, while Thomas Potter and Owen Starbuck sprang to the other.

"Ready! All together, lads!" I cried, swinging my lantern in my excitement.

Together the four at the wheels hoisted; together those at the rope pulled away—and, with a suddenness that sent them all sprawling, the cart came up on to the firm ground.

"So far, so good," Charley Hill ejaculated as he picked himself up, "but it is quite another thing to lift out those oxen."

"That is so," I admitted ruefully; but the Indian lad, who now came towards me, remarked:

"No big job! get themselves out!" and taking the lantern from my hand he turned it so its rays fell on the adjacent cedar trees.

"Cut branches! Lots! lots!" he directed.

I understood his purpose and gave the necessary command to my comrades, who whipped out their sheath-knives, and went to work. Surrendering the lantern again to my care, Master Jeremiah, as fast as the boughs were brought to him, threw them between and around the oxen, occasionally stirring the beasts up with a switch, so that they would struggle to lift their feet out of the mud. This slowly settled the branches under them, and at length formed a matting firm enough to prevent them from sinking; then, with a smile of triumph, the Indian unyoked them, and drove them out of the slough one by one.

While the oxen were being reyoked I asked our rescuer if it were possible for us to go through the swamp to Little Rest Hill. He shook his head.

"Not in dark," he said. "When know way—have daylight—can do it."

"Then we must go back?" I questioned.

He nodded, and I gave the order to turn around the cart, and then to reload it. When this had

been done, we began, under the guidance of Master Jeremiah, to retrace our steps. He knew where the firmest ground was, and, having his lantern to pick out the way, led us more rapidly out of the woods than we had entered them.

As I walked along by his side I learned how he came to know of our situation and why he came to our rescue. Without attempting to put the story into his own laconic speech, it was substantially as follows:

He was a full-blood Indian, but without father or mother, and had as long as he could remember lived among the white people. His first home was with a Quaker, who, struggling between his classical and Biblical knowledge, had given the boy the name of Anthony Jeremiah. After his death the young Indian had shifted for himself, and during the last year had worked for Elliott Perkins.

The latter was a Tory, and had purposely sent us into the Great Swamp, hoping that before we could extricate ourselves our vessel at Newport would have sailed. On reaching his house, after leaving us, he had boasted of his act before Master

Jeremiah, who, under the pretext of finishing some forgotten chore, had lighted the lantern and gone to the barn. There, securing the rope, he had hastened after us, reaching the slough into which the oxen had fallen almost as soon as we did.

"But why did you take the trouble to come to our help?" I asked curiously, when his tale was ended.

His eyes flashed as he replied :

"Me hate British!" Then in explanation he added : "In Newport one day—year, two year 'go—red-coat whipped me. Me hate 'em! Me fight 'em!"

As we emerged into the highway, and the light of Master Perkins' dwelling came into view, a plan came into my mind. We were tired and wet and hungry ; the storm was still severe ; why not compel the Tory to give us food and shelter in return for the trick he had played upon us? If we could remain there a few hours for rest and refreshments, and yet reach our destination before the appointed hour, I determined to do it. But before I made my plan known to my comrades, I

decided to ascertain that we could afford such a delay. So I turned to the Indian, questioning him further:

"You have been to Newport, then?"

"Six, ten times," he responded.

"You know the way to Little Rest Hill?"

"Yes."

"How long will it take us to reach there?"

"Two hours."

"And you know the way from there to South Ferry?"

"Yes."

"How long will it take us to go from Little Rest Hill to the Ferry?"

"Three hours, may be."

"If we stop at Master Perkins' for food and rest until morning, will you go with us to the Ferry?"

He raised his lantern and looked me in the face, while his own eyes twinkled. He saw the humor of the thing, and was ready to do his part on a single condition.

"Me go to Newport—on your ship?" he queried.

"What, as a sailor?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes," he replied expectantly. "Me strong; me quick; me pull rope; me fire gun: me do anything."

"I'll tell you what I will do," I responded after a moment's thought, "I will tell our commander what you have done for us, and ask him to ship you, but I cannot promise you certainly that he will do so."

"Stop here now," he returned, swinging his lantern towards the house, which was just opposite us, though a few rods from the road; "go on in mornin'."

I took that as his assent to the arrangement, and stopping the cart made my plan known to my men—for the Indian and I had been too far ahead of them for them to overhear our conversation.

The proposal delighted them all, and beginning with Charley Hill every one of them down to Cato and Scipio shook hands with Master Jeremiah, assuring him that they hoped yet to call him a shipmate. The lad's eyes sparkled as they gave him this expression of their good-will, but in no other way did he show any emotion.

We then made our arrangements for taking possession of Master Perkins and his domicile. Charley Hill, Nathan Sargent, Thomas Potter, Samuel Stacey, Cato and Scipio were sent to guard the west, north, and east sides of the dwelling. Sambo and the Indian were left by the cart; while I, backed up by the stalwart forms of Jack Robinson, Owen Starbuck, and William Hickborn, went boldly up to the door on the south side, and knocked. In a moment it was thrown open by Master Perkins himself, as I had expected it would be, for our young ally had assured me that there was no other man in the house. Peering out into the darkness and storm, the farmer saw me only, and evidently did not at first recognize me, for he gruffly asked:

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"We can't find our way through the swamp—" I began.

"Oh! it is you," he ejaculated, and started back as suddenly as though I had thrown a bucket of cold water into his face.

"Will you come and guide us?" I continued, anxious to have him step out of doors, where we

could seize him without frightening the women who were within.

"Not while I have my senses," he hissed. "I'd see you in the bottomless pit first," and he made a movement to slam to the door.

But before he could do so I had sprung upon him, and, being followed by my men, we pushed him back into the living room, and down into a chair. Instantly there was an uproar, the three women of the household joining with our prisoner in the piteous cry that we would not murder him.

"Silence all!" I commanded. "Keep quiet, and no one shall be hurt."

When they had obeyed, I, addressing the Tory, went on:

"It was a rascally trick you played on me to-night, Master Perkins, and you deserve to hang for it. But thanks to the Indian lad who works for you we are well out of our difficulty, and now I come to make both a reasonable and a just demand of you. It is that you give us food, and shelter from the storm for a few hours. Do this, and no harm shall come to any of you."

"What if I refuse?" he asked sullenly.

"Then we shall help ourselves to what food we can find," I replied, "and on our departure we shall take you along with us, and turn you over to the Continental authorities at Newport."

"Oh! pa, let us do all he asks," one of the daughters cried. "Mirinda and I will set the table at once, and they can have what beds there are in the house. Do say yes, pa."

The wife and the other daughter added their voices to this supplication, but it was hardly necessary. At my threat to take him to Newport the man had completely collapsed, and said meekly:

"Certainly, sir, certainly, you shall have the best my house affords."

Satisfied the battle was won, I stepped to the door, and called in my men. The cart and oxen, under the lead of the Indian lad, were taken to the barn, where the animals were cleaned and fed. Our bags were brought in, and by twos we went into an adjacent chamber where our wet clothing was exchanged for dry. Meantime Mistress Perkins and her daughters were hastening our coming meal. Ham and eggs were fried;

johnny-cakes were made and baked; doughnuts and pies were brought from the pantry; and milk and butter from the dairy. When the repast was ready we by turns partook of it, and before ten o'clock all had eaten. Then I said to the women:

"Ladies, you may go to your own rooms at any time, and no one will disturb you. My men are accustomed to sleep anywhere, and we can find beds on the floors of the living-room and kitchen."

"But what will you do with pa?" the elder daughter inquired anxiously.

"He may stretch himself on the settle, but we shall keep him here where we can have a guard over him," I answered.

These arrangements were accepted by the family without demur, and in a few minutes all save the two men assigned to the first watch were fast asleep. There were enough of us also to make the watches of short duration, and before four in the morning all of us had secured five hours of sleep.

As daylight came the rain ceased, and greatly rested and refreshed by our sojourn under the

Tory's roof, we again set out on our journey, taking Master Jeremiah with us.

I cannot begin to describe to you the anger of Master Perkins when he found the young Indian was to escape his vengeance. Apparently it had not occurred to him that the lad would leave him until he saw him making arrangements to accompany us. Throughout the night doubtless he had been gloating over the punishment he would inflict upon the boy when we were once out of the way. This had been the one thing that reconciled him to our presence; and now, as he beheld his cherished intention rendered impossible, he could not contain himself.

First he in harsh language forbade the Indian going with us. Then, finding his commands disregarded, he poured out upon the youth threats and maledictions of the most direful sort. Under it all Master Jeremiah went on with the preparations for his departure with a smile upon his face. Indeed not until we were fully ready to begin our journey did he open his mouth. Then walking up to the angry man he said quietly but firmly:

"Me want pay."

"Pay!" shricked the Tory. "Pay! You'll never get another shilling from me."

"Owe me one pound, ten shillin'," remarked the lad, still unruffled in his temper. "Me want it now."

His employer glared at him a moment like an infuriated beast, and then raised his arm to strike him, but before it could descend the Indian caught it with a grip of iron, and gave it a twist which made his victim howl with pain.

"Pay me," he said, easing up his hold, "else I go to green box and help myself."

At his words Master Perkins grew pale—evidently with apprehension—and gasped out:

"How did you know of it? Have you touched it?"

"No—me no thief—" retorted the lad scornfully. "But me take it to Newport—give it to Con'nentals."

"No! No! You mustn't touch it," cried the alarmed man. "Wait a minute and I'll give you your wages."

He left the room, shutting the door after him, and was gone two or three minutes. Then he

returned and handed the pound and ten shillings to the lad, who with a grunt of satisfaction took the money and put it in his pocket; after which he, turning to me, remarked as undisturbed as ever: "Me ready."

We left the discomfited Tory without another word, and began our journey to Little Rest Hill. In a trifle less than the two hours designated by our guide we arrived there, and stopped at the tavern for breakfast. Starting again at seven o'clock, we without special incident reached South Ferry at ten. The two hours that remained were ample for us to cross over to Newport, and report on board our vessel. In fact we arrived twenty minutes before Lieutenant Jones and his traveling companions, and they were on hand before the appointed hour.

It was not until months later that I learned why they had been summoned to Providence. It had been to meet Master Stephen Hopkins—the Chairman of the Naval Committee, and a brother of Commodore Ezek Hopkins—who desired to make inquiries of them concerning the charges brought against his unfortunate brother for neg-

lect and incompetency. The interview was, therefore, of a private nature, and the three lieutenants never themselves spoke of it. It was through Stephen Hopkins himself that the reason for that summons was at length made known.

On his arrival aboard the sloop Lieutenant Jones was too busy for some hours to receive my report, but when I did make it he listened with interest to my account of our deliverance from the Great Swamp by the young Indian, and smiled when I related how we took possession of the Tory's dwelling. In finishing I put in a plea for Anthony Jeremiah to be placed on the ship's roster as I had promised to do.

"I will see the lad in the morning," was the officer's reply.

He was as good as his word, and I happened to be on deck when the Indian came out of the cabin after the interview. There was something in his movements that made me believe his wish had been granted, so, walking over to him, I asked :

"Well, Anthony, what did the commander say ?"

He turned towards me a face radiant with happiness and replied : "Me sailor now." *

* Anthony Jeremiah was actually received into the crew of the *Providence* at Newport, and, so far as known, was the only full-blood Indian on the roster of the Continental Navy. He remained with Lieutenant Jones throughout his remarkable naval career.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH WE MAKE A RECONNOITER.

FOUR hours later the anchor of the sloop was weighed, and we headed out to sea. Off Beaver Tail, however, our course was changed to the west, and Charley Hill, who happened to be standing near me, exclaimed in tones of disgust:

"We are bound back to New London! They might as well have sent the vessel up there in the first place. It would have saved us the journey overland."

"It don't follow that we are going into New London because we are sailing to the westward," I answered. "There's more than one port up that way. Perhaps we are going through the sound to New York."

"We wouldn't be likely to get in there any other way," my shipmate retorted with a shrug of his shoulders, and I knew he had in mind the British fleet that was blockading the lower New York bay.

"The sloop is showing a clean pair of heels," I remarked thoughtfully, and turning to look at the wake we were heaving up behind us. "Give us a dark night and a stiff breeze, and we might run through the British squadron."

"Our captain can do it if any one can," Charley assented with pride in his tones. "Possibly he will try to run out, if not in, that way. I hope so. It would be an exploit worth boasting of, if we succeeded;" and so we fell to discussing how such a feat might be accomplished.

Around Point Judith, on by Watch Hill, our trim craft sped, and before night we were abreast of New London harbor, but no attempt was made to enter there.

"That settles it," Charley said with satisfaction as our watch was called to the deck. "We are bound for New York;" and he was right, for early the following day we passed through Hell Gate, and, running down close to the town, came to anchor off Crown Street.

For nearly a month we remained there, taking in stores, and completing the roster of the vessel. Early in June we were ready for sea, and only

awaited our orders from the Continental Congress. On the 12th they arrived, directing Captain Jones to sail as soon as possible on a general cruise from the Bermudas to Newfoundland—though we did not know of this fact until later. We only knew at that time that an order to sail had come, and we cared little into what waters it took us, so long as we had an opportunity to train our guns on the enemy.

Right merrily we answered the call to heave anchor, and hoist sails, and, if I do say it, a sloop was never put under way in quicker time or in neater shape than our craft was that day. And when she was headed down toward the Narrows a cheer broke forth from our lips, for we all believed our commander was going to make the attempt to run through the British fleet. Nor did our belief change when the sloop ran into Gowanus bay, and again dropped anchor. We thought our captain only intended to wait there until night fell, and then, under the cover of the darkness, make the run out to sea.

But a few of us soon learned, that, daring as the spirit of our leader was, he possessed nevertheless

an abundance of prudence, and did not purpose to take any needless risk with his vessel. For barely was our anchor down when Lieutenant Fanning was called to the cabin, where for more than an hour he was closeted with Captain Jones. Then he came forth to call me into our mess-room, where he caused my heart to quicken with excitement by saying abruptly :

"Midshipman Gardiner, I have been ordered to make a reconnoiter in the lower bay to-night, and ascertain what the prospect is for our sloop to run by the British frigates. I am to pick my crew. Will you go with me ?"

"Certainly I will," I responded promptly.

He smiled, as he replied :

"I knew you would, yet it is well for you to remember the grave risk we shall run in the undertaking. To be discovered means, in all probability, to be captured—and our capture means a long imprisonment in some British brig."

"Yes, I know," I assented, "but all the same I am ready to go with you."

"Very well," he answered heartily. "The

plan is for us to leave here an hour or two before midnight in a whale-boat, fitted with both sail and oars, so we may use either as the occasion may demand. I shall need four men beside yourself. Here are their names. Will you quietly let them know they have been chosen? Tell them plainly of the danger involved in the venture, and should any of them prefer to withdraw, inform me, and I will select others in their places. All other arrangements I will attend to,"—and he hurried away.

Glancing over the paper he had given me I read the names of Jack Robinson, Owen Starbuck, Thomas Potter, and Anthony Jeremiah. The only name on the list that surprised me was that of the Indian lad. It was true that in the month he had been on shipboard he had made wonderful progress in seamanship, yet there were a score of men among the crew I should have chosen in his place. I could not then understand why he had been selected, but I knew long before our return.

It was not yet four o'clock, and thus having ample time to notify the four sailors, I proceeded

about the matter leisurely, and in a way that did not attract the attention of their shipmates. I found all eager to go on the expedition, and, though the young Indian was less demonstrative than the others, the sparkle in his eye, and his single ejaculation: "Good!" showed that he appreciated the opportunity which had been given him.

At sunset the wind was blowing strong, the sky was overcast with clouds, and every indication was for a southeast storm before the break of day. It evidently would be a thick night, and one favorable for our hazardous trip.

It was decided that we should start soon after ten o'clock, and, as the time drew near for our departure, our boat was brought alongside, the mast was stepped in its place, and the oars were muffled, in case we should have to use them in the place of the sail.

Five minutes before the hour set Lieutenant Fanning joined us in the waist, where we had gathered ready to swing ourselves down into the boat, saying:

"Everything is ready, lads. The night could

not have been more favorable for our undertaking; plenty of wind, and so many clouds that not a star is to be seen. We may as well embark."

Silently we slipped over the sloop's rail, and took our assigned places in the whale-boat, and then the rope was cast off, and we swung clear of the vessel. Hoisting our sail we let it fill, and began to feel our way down the bay, so dense was the gloom.

Hugging the Long Island shore as closely as possible and yet not losing the wind, we at length reached the Narrows, where Lieutenant Fanning luffed to our craft, and said in tones which could not have been heard much beyond her length:

"According to my reckoning, lads, we are now at the place where we must proceed in absolute silence. Let me give, therefore, a word or two of direction before we move on. My plan is to keep between the shore and the first outlying vessels until we are below the fleet, then to run across the bay to Staten Island, and work back to our sloop from that side.

"I hope in this way to obtain some idea of the position of the frigates, for, though they show no lights up the bay, I do not imagine they are so cautious in any other direction, and we can, when once on the lower side of them, locate them by their lanterns. The chief danger now is that we may run up against one of them as we beat down the bay, or may get near enough to their patrol boats to be detected. Silence, and a sharp look-out, are to be our safeguards.

"I will ask Anthony to take his place with Midshipman Gardiner at the bow, and assist him with his keen eyes. A single 'hist' from either of you will tell me I am to go to the starboard, while two 'hists' will mean I am to run to the larboard. In case we unexpectedly bump up against a ship I will ask Jack and Owen to unstep the mast immediately and care for the sail, while the rest of you endeavor to swing the boat under the stern of the vessel, where we will remain until any commotion we may have awakened has subsided. That is all,—" and the next instant he had turned the boat and started down the channel.

I confess I was a little piqued that the Indian lad had been sent forward to my help, for I believed my eyes were as good as his in the heavy darkness that shrouded us. I knew I could not see a dozen feet away, and I did not think he could. So I was quite taken back when he, before we had sailed five minutes on our new tack, said to me in his terse speech:

"Ship ahead!"

"Where?" I asked, incredulously, for, peering through the darkness as I would, I could see nothing.

"Maybe fifty-hundred-feet away," he replied.

"Likely," I retorted sarcastically. "Doubtless you can see across the Narrows."

"Yes," he assented. "Three ship—cross in row—we hit first soon—give signal."

His assurance staggered me. I could not understand why he should say he saw the vessels, unless he actually believed so, yet I was equally sure he was mistaken. I had two reasons for this opinion: One was because I could not discern a single object; the other was because I was confident we were not yet far enough through the

Narrows to have come into the vicinity of the frigates. So I waited.

"Quick!" he exclaimed the next instant, in the same hoarse whisper, "or we strike. Give signal."

I understood him. He reported to me—the nearest officer—what he saw, and left it to me to give the signal to my superior. But, for want of confidence in his report, I still hesitated. Then he took matters into his own hands, and ejaculated: "Hist! Hist!" in low but distinct tones. Lieutenant Fanning heard him, and quickly sheered to the larboard. But he was too late to prevent a collision, though not too late to save the wrecking of the whale-boat. With a quick bump the side of our craft struck against an object so big I knew it could be nothing else than a British frigate, yet even then I could not discern its outline in the darkness.

The moment we struck, however, my comrades promptly carried out the directions they had received for that very emergency. In an instant Jack Robinson and Owen Starbuck unshipped the mast, and, winding the sail about it, dropped it

into the boat, while Anthony, who seemed to know just what part of the ship he was abreast, laid hold of the sheathing with a light, noiseless touch, and sent our craft swiftly down under her stern. So quickly were these maneuvers carried out that we were safely hidden under the overhanging hull before a single movement was made on the deck of the vessel.

Then an alarm was sounded ; lights flashed out ; sharp orders were given ; and both sides of the frigate were carefully scrutinized. In suspense we waited, no one so anxious as myself, for I felt that, owing to my own self-conceit, I had brought the disaster upon us ; then we gave a sigh of relief, for we heard the officer of the deck announce :

"It was probably a log or timber that struck us. No harm has been done. Put out the lights. Return to your quarters," and in five minutes all was quiet about the ship.

By passing the order along from man to man in a whisper, our muffled oars were got out, our hold upon the rudder post of the ship was loosened, and we backed far enough down the channel to

see the light hidden behind the frigate's main-mast ; and there, off to our left, as we gazed up the bay, could be seen two other lights in a line with the first, showing that the young Indian had been right. There were three ships in a row across the Narrows, completely guarding the passage. My first act was to apologize to the Indian lad for my want of faith in his statement ; and my second was to step softly down to the stern of our boat, and tell Lieutenant Fanning the whole story, sparing myself in no way. He was kind enough to say :

"The blame is partly mine, Midshipman Gardiner, for I should have told you that Anthony has an eye stronger than the most powerful night-glass. Captain Jones, who allows none of the abilities of his men to escape him, discovered this, and for that reason told me to take the lad along. We are safely out of what might have proved a disastrous circumstance ; and, now that you know of the Indian's powers, the mistake will not be repeated. Go back to your post, and let him be eyes for you."

In humiliation I returned to the bow, and once

more our mast was stepped, and we sailed away towards Gravesend bay.

We knew when we reached it, for the wind swept down upon us in stronger blasts, and the great waves dashed over the bow until Master Jeremiah and I were drenched to the skin. The tack across to Norton's point, however, relieved our discomfiture somewhat, and when there we found ourselves well below the second line of ships. I could count only six lights, but the sharp eyes of the Indian made out nearly a dozen, and their position revealed that the vessels were arranged in a crescent form below the first row, and at no great distance apart, rendering it impossible for anything larger than a craft like the one we occupied to pass them, and we could not have done it had the night been less favorable. The voyage across the bay to the island was made without difficulty other than that which arises from a rough sea, and we began the run up its shore confident we could make our return passage without discovery. But when well between the two rows of shipping, Anthony suddenly clutched my arm, saying in a whisper I alone could hear :

"Boat comin'! Pulled by six men!"

I could not see it, but by listening intently I detected the sound of oars, and passed the word down to our leader. He immediately gave the orders for our sail to be taken in, and we lay there drifting with the wind and tide, waiting for the yawl to cross our path.

Instead it came steadily on towards us, and it was soon evident that we must change our position, or be run down. So our oars were put out, and we pulled noiselessly, as we believed, away to the starboard. But, before we had taken a dozen strokes, a light flashed forth from the bow of the oncoming boat, sending its rays full upon us, and its commander called out:

"There are the skulking rebels! After them, lads! After them!"

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH WE ARE SHIPWRECKED.

BESIDE the officer in the stern of the approaching yawl was a man in civilian dress who now took up the cry :

"Yes, lads, there they are ! I told you they'd cross over here ! If we missed them on the other shore, we've got them now ! After them ! After them !"

There was something familiar in his tones, and scrutinizing him sharply under the light, which the lantern on the boat's bow shed forth, I recognized him as a man who, only a few days before, had helped to put the stores on board our sloop, and whose loud and repeated denunciations of the redcoats at the time had attracted much attention.

With the recognition came the thought that this explained why the British frigates were huddled together in the Narrows ; why so many patrol boats were out ; and why we had been dis-

covered. The man was doubtless a Tory spy, who had learned of our commander's intention to run through the British fleet, and had informed the enemy. My instant desire was to draw my pistol and shoot the rascal, but I did not dare do it without permission from Lieutenant Fanning; and then, I reflected, it would be wiser to refrain from the act since we should fare much better if we were so unfortunate as to be captured.

Of course these thoughts passed very quickly through my mind, yet there had been time enough for our leader to make some effort to escape the redcoats, and, wondering why he had not done so, I turned my head and glanced towards him. His attitude led me to conjecture immediately that he was about to put some plan into execution, and, curious to know what it was, I kept my eyes upon him. He was watching the oncoming yawl intently, and when it was not over seven or eight fathoms off he gave the quick command:

"Ship your oars, men, and hoist the sail."

Almost as soon as the words were spoken the order was carried out, and as the canvas bellied

out with the heavy wind, he headed our craft down the bay, crying out sharply as he did so :

"Lie low, lads, lie low !"

We obeyed, and the next minute knew why he had given us that command, for a half-dozen muskets blazed forth from the pursuing boat, and as many bullets whistled just above our heads.

"Very good," Lieutenant Fanning chuckled, as he made sure none of us had been hit. "Now we'll play our little game."

As he spoke he changed our course and beat off a little to the south and east until he had room enough to make a straight tack for the British yawl ; then he turned and ran directly towards it. The furious wind sent us forward like a race horse, and I at once surmised that, having drawn the fire of the enemy, it was now his purpose to run them down and sink them before they had time to reload their guns. But I was mistaken. As we neared the British craft he sheered off, and ran quickly around it, bringing the sterns of the two boats near each other. Then, drawing his pistol, he shouted out to the Tory spy, who was not over twenty feet from him :

"Master Whalen, you will never betray another ship's crew," and with the words he fired.

He was too good a shot to miss at that short distance, and the fellow tumbled over among the sailors in front of him as we dashed by.

So daring and unexpected had been this move, we were out of pistol range before the British officer could return the shot, had he cared to do so. But though we had escaped the patrol boat, we were in no sense out of danger. The volley of musket shots given by the patrol a moment or two before had awakened the entire fleet. Lights flashed out from both lines of vessels; the nearer frigates began to lower away their yawls; the scattered patrol boats displayed their lanterns and hastened towards the scene of action. We were clearly between two rows of an alert enemy, and to go either up or down the harbor was to invite capture.

But the plan of Lieutenant Fanning had evidently anticipated this very situation, and prepared to escape it, for, heading to the southwest, he sailed for Raritan bay. The boat that had first discovered us had now recovered from the shock

Drawing his pistol, Lieutenant Fanning said, "Master Whalen, you will never betray another ship's crew," and with the words he fired.

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of our attack, and, with loud shouts from its occupants, came on in pursuit. Attracted by these cries the two patrol crafts which had been stationed at the south of Staten Island moved out to intercept us. But we had two advantages over them: Displaying no light it was difficult for them to locate us as we slid into the veil of darkness which hung over sea and land; while their sweeps, pulled though they were by a dozen stout tars, were no match for the wind giant, who had taken possession of our sail, and hurried us along at a pace which rivaled that of the swiftest courser. They did get near enough to fire a few volleys after us, but the leaden missiles flew wide of their mark, and but for an enemy in front, for whom we were not looking, we should have compelled them to abandon the chase.

The fact was the Britishers had been sharper than we anticipated, and had sent a sloop of war into the bay in readiness for the very move we had now made. This vessel was lying directly across our path, and, aroused by the commotion on board her sister ships, was on the alert for our coming. Noiselessly her commander had his

boats lowered and manned for the chase. Quietly he got ready to flash his lights on us when he believed we were near. Silently he ran his bow chaser over to the larboard rail and primed it for a shot.

Two things prevented us from detecting his presence and his preparations : the wind blew from us ; and Anthony had gone back to his place on the aft thwart. I saw nothing ; I heard nothing. In fact my attention, like that of my comrades, was on the boats in our rear, which we were so rapidly leaving behind. Like them I had no thought of danger before us ; but if we were not looking out for the enemy, he was looking out for us. In his estimation of our speed, moreover, he was strangely correct ; for we were not over two cable-lengths from him when he suddenly turned his lanterns on us, filling us with surprise and alarm.

"We are in for it now, lads," our leader ejaculated as he sheered away to avoid the sloop. "Only a merciful Providence can now save us from capture. See! that fellow has his boats out, and they are after us."

But something else was after us, and destined to overtake us too, and do us more damage than the yawls or their crews. It was a ball from the bow-chaser ; for at that moment the gun was fired, and the shot came skipping towards us. Ricochetting once or twice it landed in our boat, between Jack Robinson and Owen Starbuck, and went through the bottom as though the stout oak plank was nothing but paper. As the water poured in upon us Lieutenant Fanning called out in low tones :

"Throw away your weapons, lads, and kick off your boots. We must swim for it. Keep to the north. The island cannot be far away—" then our craft went down, leaving us struggling in the tossing waves.

I had thrown off my jacket as well as my boots and pistols before I plunged into the sea, and the moment I came to the surface I struck off towards the island, hoping to reach it before the approaching boats could overhaul me. I gave no special thought to my companions, for I knew that they all could swim, and that it was a time when each was expected to look out for himself.

Glancing over my shoulder as I swam I saw with much satisfaction that the yawls from the sloop-of-war, as well as those that were first chasing us, were making for the spot where our boat had gone down, evidently expecting to find us clinging to the floating wreckage. Soon satisfying themselves, however, that we had not remained in that vicinity, they spread out in a semicircle and began to sweep the bay in our direction.

Their lights danced here and there, sometimes sending their rays dangerously near me as I hastened on, but I managed to keep in the shadows until my feet struck bottom, and I knew I was close to the shore. Then I stood up to get my breath, and to look about me. It was too dark to discern anything on the land side, or up or down the beach. But a gentle splash on my right and not far away caused me to believe one or more of my comrades, like myself, had reached the island in safety. I was about to go in the direction of the sound when a shout from the enemy startled me.

"There's one of the rascals! Shoot him, lads, shoot him!"

At first I supposed they had discovered me, and I was about to plunge under the water, hoping to escape the bullets, when a glance to my left revealed that it was not I, but Anthony Jeremiah who had been seen. One of the pursuing boats had got near enough for its light to show the head of the Indian lad, and at the command of the officer in charge the marines now raised their muskets and fired. The head of Master Jeremiah disappeared simultaneously with the flash of the guns, and I could not tell whether he had been hit or not. But I had no time to wait and see ; the oncoming boat was now near enough to send the rays of its lantern within a few feet of me, and I took to my heels and fled towards the beach. Reaching it I ran for the woods, where I clambered into a pine tree and hid myself within its thick foliage.

Concealed there I saw two boats land, and their inmates scour the whole south shore in search of us. Twice they passed beneath the tree in which I was hiding, but without detecting my presence ; nor did I hear any sound or see any sign of their finding my companions. Meanwhile four

other yawls went to and fro, scrutinizing every inch of the water between the island and the sloop-of-war without discovering a single fugitive. Then my own conclusion was voiced by the officer in charge of the searching party.

"We may as well give up," he said. "The rebels have either drowned or are hiding in the forest beyond all hope of finding them in this darkness."

So he called in his men and returned to the man-of-war.

I waited a long time after the last boat disappeared before I ventured down the tree. But at length, convinced the coast was clear, I did so, wondering whether I had better look around for my comrades, or attempt to reach the north end of the island alone. As my feet touched the ground, however, I heard the sound of footsteps coming down the beach, and soon two men stopped almost in front of me. Then the well-known voice of Lieutenant Fanning said :

"Give the hoot of an owl, Anthony. Perhaps our men will hear and understand."

Many times on shipboard the Indian had

imitated the cries of birds and beasts for our amusement, and as he now, at the request of the officer, gave the notes of the owl, I felt sure that I, if I had not been near enough to have overheard the command, should have understood and responded to the call. My shipmates certainly did, for scarcely had I joined our leader and his companion, when Potter and Starbuck and Robinson came out of the woods, and we were all together again.

"Are any of you hurt?" was the lieutenant's first inquiry.

Each one of us answered in the negative, and in my turn I added:

"I guess Anthony is the only one who came anywhere near it. I confess I do not see how he escaped being shot."

"Me dove, 'fore they fired," he explained.

"Yes, lads, he escaped, and came ashore near me," our commander began; "but there is something else about this affair I wish to tell you. Anthony could see us all, and purposely kept behind us to be ready to help us if we were in need. That is why he came to be discovered, and shot

at. He's our hero to-night, lads, and if we were not so near the enemy I should ask you to give him three cheers."

There in the darkness we in turn grasped the Indian's hand, and then Lieutenant Fanning continued :

"The next thing is to get up to the other end of the island, and over to our sloop. How shall we do it ?"

"If we could find a boat anywhere along the shore here, we might pull up through Arthur's Kill to Kill van Kull, and then down to the upper bay," Owen Starbuck suggested.

"I know of nothing better, so we'll go up the shore and see if we can find a craft," the lieutenant declared.

But before we had gone ten rods up the beach Anthony touched our leader's arm, saying :

"Man there, edge forest, watching us."

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH I TAKE CHARGE OF A PRIZE SHIP.

NONE of us could see the fellow, but we did not doubt he was there, and paused to decide what we had better do. As the sound of our footsteps ceased, however, there came a low voice :

"Hist there! Are you the fellows the redcoats were chasing?"

This salutation was reassuring, and Lieutenant Fanning answered :

"Yes ; who are you?"

"I'm Bill Strong and a patriot," was the answer. "You needn't be afraid to trust me. I live a quarter of a mile above here, and, hearing the firing, came down to see what was up. You gave the redcoats the slip in fine style, so I waited till you showed yourselves, thinking I might help you. Come up to the house, and I'll give you dry clothing and something to eat."

The heartiness of these words dispelled any

doubt as to the real character of the man, and we were soon beside him, explaining who we were, and how we came to be in the plight in which he had found us.

Then Lieutenant Fanning said :

"We thank you, sir, for your kind offer, but we cannot stop for dry clothes or anything to eat. What we want is a boat. Can you furnish us with one ?"

"That I can, and she is not far away," he returned heartily ; and turning about he started up the shore at a rapid pace.

We kept at his heels, and he soon brought us to a rude dock, beside which a stout yawl was lying. We had to wait for him to go to the house for the oars, and then, with many thanks for the favor done us, we embarked and started off up the Kill. It was a long and hard pull around to the upper bay and across to our sloop. But we eventually accomplished it, and, in the small hours of the morning, reached her side, and, unharmed but exhausted, clambered to her deck.

When Lieutenant Fanning went aft to report the events of our reconnoiter to Captain Jones,

who had left word with the officer of the deck to call him the moment we arrived, the rest of us went to our respective quarters and turned in. We were allowed to remain there over the next two watches, and when I went on deck the sloop had run through Hell Gate, and was well down Long Island Sound towards Montauk Point.

It was Charley Hill who a little later explained to me the reason for this movement. He said :

"Oh! our captain is shrewd enough to outwit the British Admiral. He will be looking for him to run the fleet to-night, or within a night or two, now that you escaped their clutches. But while he waits and watches for that movement, Captain Jones is slipping out the back way, and will be miles out to sea before he discovers he is gone. In an hour after Lieutenant Fanning had reported we were off." *

"The Admiral may watch both ways," I suggested. "He's had time to send a frigate or two

* Captain Jones planned to run through the British fleet, and a reconnoiter was made for that purpose ; but, for some such reason as is given here, he abandoned the attempt, and went through Long Island Sound, and around Montauk.

along the south side of the island, and we may find them waiting for us when we reach Montauk."

"If there aren't more than two," my chum replied flippantly, "then the captain will dodge between them, and run out to sea."

I laughed at his conceit, but that is precisely what our commander did do. For, rounding the point just before dark, we nearly ran into two frigates awaiting us there, which immediately opened fire upon us. Captain Jones was on the quarter-deck, and gave orders for the sloop to sheer off towards Block Island.

"If there was but one of them," he remarked to his executive officer, "I believe I should run the risk of a fight; as it is we'll try our heels."

The Britishers, crowding on all sail, gave chase, and one, proving a faster sailer than the other, soon left her consort behind. This was what our captain had expected, and as soon as there was a couple of miles between the men-of-war, he ordered the course of the sloop changed, as though he would work back into the sound, and make harbor at New London. The nearer frigate fol-

lowed in our wake, while the second took a direct course to the north, aiming to intercept us. The most of us watched this maneuver with considerable anxiety, for we were afraid we would be caught in a trap, but our leader paced the deck in unconcern until we were almost exactly between the two frigates, then he gave a sharp order for the sloop to be headed to the south, and every inch of canvas she could carry to be stretched on her.

We quickly responded, and, before either of the Britishers had wore around, we were scudding out to sea under a stiff night breeze. How we laughed and chaffed at the redcoats as they tried to overhaul us, and in their chagrin sent their shot ricochetting over the water towards us. They may not have heard us, but it afforded us much merriment, and when darkness finally shut them from our sight we could not refrain from giving three rousing cheers.

For several weeks we cruised to the south, overhauling and capturing eight vessels, so small, or in such poor condition, our commander did not think it worth while to send them into port, so

their cargoes and crews were transferred to the sloop, and they were destroyed. Then there came a day in which we made three captures of such value that the prospect of prize-money caused every Jackie on board to feel like a small Crœsus.

We were running up towards the Bermudas, and, as that bright July morning dawned, we saw, not over two miles away, a heavily-laden brigantine. The breeze was light, and it took us over two hours to overhaul her, but she rounded to at our first shot, and a boat was sent over to her. She proved to be the Kingston Packet, from Jamaica, loaded with sugar and molasses. Her crew of seven men were ordered into the forecastle, and Lieutenant Fanning with a picked crew of eight men was put in charge, with orders to follow in the wake of the sloop.

Before noon a second brigantine was sighted far over to the eastern horizon, and our course was changed to intercept her. She took the alarm as we approached, and, turning about, made off across the ocean. For four hours we chased her before we were near enough to send a

ball under her bow, which she did not heed. But when our second ball carried away part of her foremast, and let some of her yards come tumbling down to the deck, she luffed to, and awaited our approach. Lieutenant Wallingford went on board, and, on his return, reported that she was the *Defiance*, from the Isle of Jersey, with a mixed cargo for the West Indies. I was in hopes that I should be put in command of her, and had decided to ask that Charley Hill be my first officer, but, to my surprise, Quartermaster Nathan Sargent was put in charge of her.

"It is because you are needed here to fill Lieutenant Fanning's place," Charley said consolingly, when he saw the look of disappointment on my face. "Better luck next time."

"Your theory means I'm not likely to go on any prize," I answered bitterly, "and I should like above all things the privilege of taking a prize into port."

"So should I," he assented heartily, "and your chances are better than mine. This seems to be our lucky day. Perhaps we shall overhaul a third vessel before night, and she may prove to

be the best of them all. If we do, I don't see but what you will have to be put in command of her."

"Oh! no; they will give her to Anthony Jeremiah," I retorted sarcastically, for I was, as I am now ashamed to say, still in ill-humor over my disappointment.

"They might do worse," Charley replied quietly. "Isn't that so, Anthony?" he asked, turning to the Indian lad, who was passing near us.

Evidently he had heard enough of our conversation to catch its general drift, for, saluting, he said to me:

"You go next ship, me go too?"

The fact that he wanted to make one of any prize crew I might have charge of greatly mollified me, and I answered:

"Certainly, Anthony; if I am so lucky as to be given the opportunity to pick a crew, you shall be one of it."

He nodded his head in satisfaction, and then pointed off our starboard quarter, saying tersely:

"There she is."

Since the capture of the second brigantine, we

had been working back to our old position—the meridian where we were when we first sighted her—and glancing now off towards the north-east I saw what looked like two tiny clouds on the horizon.

"Top-sails, brig," Master Jeremiah explained smilingly.

Catching up a glass from the rack I clambered into the rigging, and scrutinized closely the distant specks. Then springing back to the deck I called out to the officer of the day :

" Brig, sir ; seven or eight miles off our starboard rail."

He strode over to my side, took the glass from my hand, and glanced through it. The next moment he exclaimed :

" A third prize, I declare ! And the best of the lot, if I mistake not. Report her discovery to the Captain, Master Gardiner."

I delayed long enough to give Master Jeremiah full credit for first sighting the craft, and then went down into the cabin to notify Captain Jones. His face broke into a broad smile at my announcement, and in huge leaps he mounted the

stairs to the deck to take a good look himself at the distant vessel.

"We are in luck to-day, Lieutenant Wallingford," he remarked a moment later. "Change our course so as to run across the track of the brig, and signal our prizes to follow us."

In a half-hour we knew the approaching vessel was of good size, and heavily laden. The direction she was sailing, moreover, made it probable that she was bound for the Bermudas.

"Probably loaded with supplies for the British garrison," I heard our commander say to his executive. "If so, we shall make a rich haul, Master Wallingford."

"We certainly shall," that officer admitted.

No suspicion of our real character seemed to enter the mind of the brig's captain until we were within a half-mile of her. Possibly it was the innocent-looking brigantines following in our wake that deceived him. Anyway when we cleared our Long Tom and sent a ball skipping down towards him, he was so filled with amazement that he merely leaped upon the quarter rail, and stared at us. It took a second ball to bring

"Well, young man," said the captain, "What does this mean by stopping me on the high seas?" Page 81.

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him to his senses enough to order the brig hove to.

Then I was called to take charge of the boarding yawl, and with my heart all a-flutter I took my seat in the stern, and gave the command to my men to pull away. We covered the distance between the vessels in short order, and, followed by six stout tars, I clambered over the brig's rail on to her deck.

I simply had time to notice that there were ten or twelve men scattered about the vessel when a rough voice greeted me :

"Well, young man, what does this mean, stopping me on the high seas? What do you want?"

I glanced up into the face of a burly man, whose expression showed that he was not accustomed to be trifled with.

"We wish to know who you are, and where you are bound?" I answered politely.

"It's none of your business," he blurted out angrily.

"Then I'll make it my business to find out," I replied firmly, and turning to my men, I said :

"Keep guard over this man while I go below for his papers."

"Aye, aye, sir!" they responded, and I started towards the cabin.

My act made its impression on the man, and he said a little more pleasantly:

"Here, sir! I don't mind telling you. This is the brig *Portland*, from Hull for the Bermudas, with supplies for the garrison there. Now, who are you?"

"The Continental sloop-of-war *Providence*, Paul Jones, captain, bound on a general cruise from the Bermudas to Newfoundland, looking after British merchantmen," I responded. "I am compelled to relieve you of the command of this vessel, and ask you to take your papers and accompany me back to the sloop."

"And if I refuse?" he questioned, his anger rising again.

"It would be a very foolish act on your part, sir," I replied with a light laugh. "I have but to raise my sword and the sloop will sink you where you are."

He evidently did not relish the situation,

and no one can blame him, but he at length said :

"I will be ready to accompany you in a few minutes, sir," and hastened into his cabin.

When he reappeared he was dressed apparently in his best, and carried a small box under his arm.

"This is an outrage," he again blustered as he descended to my boat. "You and your rascally captain shall pay for this. I hope one of our frigates will run in with your craft before night, and blow her out of the water."

"That's kind, and shows your anxiety to send us heavenward," I retorted. Then, leaving the six men who were already on the brig in charge of her, I gave the command for the other two to pull us over to the sloop.

We were met at the rail by Captain Jones, who received his visitor with courtesy, and invited him down into the cabin. Fifteen minutes later I received an order to take Charley Hill and four seamen, and return to the brig as her commander.

That enabled me to keep my promise to An-

thony Jeremiah, and if there were ever three happy lads, it was our trio when we stepped on board the *Portland*. Could we have known, however, the experiences that awaited us before we again stood on the deck of the sloop, I am quite sure our happiness would not have been so exuberant.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH WE MEET WITH VARIOUS MISHAPS.

My first act after assuming command of the brig was to send two men down into the forecastle to ascertain if there was a passageway from it amidships, and, if so, to fasten it so it could not be opened from the forecastle side.

As soon as they reported everything secure, I ordered the crew of the captured vessel to line up near the foremast. Here we examined each one in turn, removing from him his sheath-knife, flint and steel, and anything else which might be used in an attempt to escape; then he was sent into the forecastle.

When all were down below, we shoved the hatch cover nearly across the opening, where we secured it, leaving only sufficient space to give the prisoners fresh air. Posting an armed sentinel on the outside, I believed that I had done all that

was necessary to keep control over the Britishers, and turned my attention to other matters.

I arranged quarters for my own men in the cabin, and divided them into two watches, of which I took the first, and put Charley Hill in charge of the second. Barely were these arrangements completed when a signal was run up on the *Providence* for all the prizes to come up closer to her, and heave to for the night.

I supposed this order was to prevent our becoming scattered during the darkness, but soon learned it was for quite another purpose. There was so little wind the sea was comparatively calm, and the sloop, coming alongside of us in turn, transferred to each of us a portion of the cargoes which had been taken from the eight vessels we had destroyed. It gave us a busy night, but at dawn the work was accomplished.

Then the crews of the captured crafts—somewhere between thirty and forty in number—were distributed among the three prizes. Eleven, including the grizzly captain of the brig, were assigned to us, and the huge Britisher scowled darkly at me as he passed on his way to the fore-

castle. Lieutenant Wallingford noticed it from the deck of the sloop, and, stepping over the gunwales to my side, he asked :

"How many prisoners does this make you, Midshipman Gardiner ?"

"Twenty-two, including those who were already in the forecastle," I replied.

"Yes," he assented, referring to a list in his hand ; "we have tried to divide them up among you quite evenly. But it is a large number for you to have—nearly two to one should they get loose. Keep a sharp lookout over them night and day. That old captain is ugly and will make you trouble should he get the opportunity."

"I'll keep an eye on him, sir ; never fear," I replied cheerily. Then he gave me my final orders—orders, as I knew, similar to those which had been issued to Lieutenant Fanning in charge of the *Kingston Packet*, and to Quartermaster Sargent in command of the *Defiance*, as they shipped their quota of prisoners :

"You are now to sail for Boston, where you will turn over your prize to the naval authorities. Then, with your crew, you will make your way

as speedily as possible to the island of Grand Manan on the coast of Maine, where the *Providence* will pick you up. Good-day and good luck."

"Good-day, sir," I answered, touching my hat. Then I gave the command to cast off the grappling-irons, and in another minute we were following the other prizes on a course a little west of north.

Our object was to clear Cape Cod, and then, changing our course to the west, to run into Massachusetts bay. For several days the weather was all we could reasonably ask, the wind though light was steady, and we made fair progress. The thing we most dreaded--the sighting of a British frigate—did not happen. My last observation showed us to be in latitude 39° 48′ north, and longitude 69° 34′ west, and confident another day would bring us within easy reach of, if not quite to, our destination, we were in the best of spirits.

Our prisoners had not given us the slightest trouble. Huddled though they were into the small space of the forecastle, they took their discom-

fiture good-naturedly ; when their rations were served them they were uniformly courteous ; and during the half-hour each one was allowed to exercise himself on deck every day, he appeared to appreciate the favor as one wholly unexpected on his part. Even the big captain showed no resentment : the worst that could be said of him was that he was grimly silent at the times he took his turn in the fresh air.

I now know that that constant serenity of the prisoners should have made me suspicious of them. A better acquaintance with the average disposition of the Britisher has taught me that he is a natural growler, and that you want to keep a sharp eye on him when he grows good-natured. If a prisoner, you may be sure he is plotting deepest when he laughs the most. But at that time I believed that the bland courtesy of the captives was due simply to the fact that they were trying to be philosophical—to make the best of a situation they could not help. So I anticipated no trouble from that quarter.

But it was not long after I took my noon observation—the one that showed me that we

were within a day's sailing of our destination—when I began to expect trouble from another quarter. For the wind soon freshened and changed to the southeast, while heavy clouds began to overcast the sky. I watched these signs of an approaching storm with much anxiety, for we were so heavily laden our rails were but two feet out of the water, and I knew it would not take much of a sea to sweep entirely over us.

Charley Hill, who passed me about this time, paused to say :

"It looks ugly, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I assented, and more to keep up the conversation than for any other reason, I continued : "What would you do?"

"Take in all sail; head the brig northwest; and scud away before the storm under bare poles," he answered promptly, and with the air of one who had studied the situation, and made up his mind what he would do.

"We may have to do it," I admitted, glancing ahead at the two brigantines, for we had kept in sight of each other ever since we parted with the sloop, I saw that they were already shortening

sail, though not changing their course, and so went on :

"But for the present we will keep in the wake of the other vessels." Then I gave an order to shorten our own sails.

In an hour, however, the wind had increased to a point that made it unsafe for us to carry even a rag of canvas, while the huge waves were dashing over our starboard rail with a force that compelled us to close all hatches, and fasten down every loose article on deck.

"Take in all sail!" I commanded, and as my order was obeyed, I shouted to the man at the wheel : "Head her northwest!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" he responded, and as the brig swung off before the wind, I had the satisfaction of noticing that both of my consorts were taking the same course.

Steadily the tempest increased in violence; larger and larger grew the waves behind us; soon the rain began to fall in fierce sheets; evidently a hard night was before us; it was a serious question whether we would outride the gale.

An hour passed. Darkness fell. The wind shrieked loudly as it rushed by us. The waves outran us, and breaking over the stern swept the deck clean. My men were compelled to lash themselves at their posts, or to clutch stoutly the nearest rope or railing, to prevent themselves from being washed overboard. I was myself lashed at the wheel with the helmsman, and it took our united strength to keep the brig from luffing to. Had we done so, we should have foundered.

Twice was the monotony of the next few hours broken. During a lull Charley Hill made his way aft from amidships, were he was stationed, and reported that the prisoners were singing loud enough to be heard above the shrieking of the storm.

"They must be trying to keep up their spirits," I remarked drily.

"Perhaps," he replied, "but it seems a little unnatural. Hadn't I better investigate? They may be covering up some plot with their noise."

Before I could answer a huge wave broke over us that would have swept Charley off his feet had

I not caught and held him. When it had passed, I said:

"You see it would be impossible to take off the hatch now. Make sure at your first opportunity that the fastenings have not started, and we shall have no trouble from them."

Somewhat reassured he went back to his post. An hour later, amid such a tossing and shaking as I had never experienced on shipboard before, I was startled to find the Indian lad, Anthony Jeremiah, at my elbow.

"What it is it, Anthony?" I inquired.

"Big captain—he on deck," he announced.

"How do you know? Where did you see him?" I cried in amazement.

In his broken English he told how a few minutes before he had turned from his watch at the bow to see the old officer standing motionless only a few feet from him. Without a moment's hesitation he had sprung forward to grapple with him, but, though his fingers touched the man, he had eluded his grasp and disappeared in the darkness. Hurrying to the forecastle hatch the lad had found it closed and securely fastened. Then he had

made his way to Midshipman Hill and told his story. Together they had, as best they could in the darkness and storm, searched the forward part of the vessel without finding any trace of the intruder, nor had any of the men on that part of the deck seen anything of him. So Charley had sent the lad down to the wheel to report to me.

The tidings alarmed me. I knew the Indian's unusual power of vision, and his certainty that he had actually touched the huge fellow in his effort to seize him, taken together were strong evidence that the Englishman had escaped from the forecastle. But if he was free, so were his companions. With the forward hatch still down and fastened, there was but one other way the prisoners could have got out : they must have broken through into the passage which led amidships.

I recalled the announcement Charley Hill had made some time before about the singing of the captives, and his fear that they were using that as a cover for some plot. Had they liberated themselves at that time? Were they now in possession of the cabin? Was the appearance of the captain on the deck due to a reconnoiter he

was making before he and his men began their attack upon us? Was our battle with the storm to be supplemented by a battle with the Britishers? These questions flashed through my mind while I was undoing my lashings. Then, telling Anthony to take hold of the wheel with the other sailor, I watched for an opportunity to rush over to the cabin.

It soon came. Following the next wave down the deck, I reached the hatchway before another could overtake me. Fumbling for the cover, I gave a sigh of relief. It was in place. The Indian must have been mistaken after all. No one had come up through this hatch, and as the forehatch was also secure, the appearance of the big captain was a freak of the lad's imagination.

The next instance the cold sweat stood out in great beads on my forehead. I had discovered that the fastenings of the cover were torn from the sockets. Had it been done by the huge waves, or by some one working from below? In either case, those clamps once removed, it had been possible for one to come up from below and return there again. I was not so sure now that Master

Jeremiah had been mistaken. Should I venture down, and, making my way forward, examine the passageway leading amidships? It was the only way to satisfy myself that the prisoners were safe; and yet, if they were free, it was to put myself in their hands.

While I hesitated a huge wave swept over me, causing me to lose my footing. Instinctively I caught at the fastenings of the hatch, and held on for dear life. The strain was a terrific one, sufficient I thought to wrench the hatch from its place, and yet it did not yield. Had it swollen under its repeated wettings, and stuck? To satisfy myself I, the moment I recovered my feet, pulled upon it with all my strength. Then I knew it was fastened on the inside.

I quickly came to a conclusion: The British captain, familiar with every part of his vessel, had found some way to break through the forecastle partition, and so gain an entrance into the passage amidships. Reaching the cabin, and finding my entire crew on deck, he had, either in a spirit of bravado, or to ascertain our number and our condition for an attack, forced open the

hatch, and come out. Fearing, however, that the huge waves dashing over the vessel might push back the liberated cover, and flood the cabin, he had arranged with a confederate to secure it in place until his return. He was therefore still hiding somewhere on the deck.

A half-dozen billows rolled ever me while I stood there trying to form some plan in which I could meet and overcome this new danger. I became satisfied that no attack would be made upon us while the storm remained at its height—for the safety of the vessel demanded that we should not be interfered with. Since this was so the hiding officer would be in no hurry to make his way back to the cabin. He would wait until the alarm he had awakened had subsided. There was plenty of time then to arrange for his capture.

Making my way back to the wheel at the first lull in the storm, I said to Anthony :

"The captain came up out of the cabin, and has not yet returned. Go tell Midshipman Hill to come here, then keep watch over the aft hatch."

He understood me, and glided away in the darkness.

For some minutes the tempest raged with increased fury, and the waves dashed over us in such rapid succession no one could safely walk the deck. But at length Charley Hill reached my side, and there, amid the shrieking wind and tossing waters, we held a consultation over the new situation in which we found ourselves. If two youngsters ever had a harder problem to solve under more exasperating difficulties it has never come to my knowledge. The storm we were battling with called for the wisest and most skilful seamanship—claimed our undivided attention; while to suppress the insurrection of twenty-two prisoners, who were already in possession of the lower decks of the vessel, with its provisions and nearly all its weapons of defense, demanded a courage and strategy which I feared we did not possess.

My comrade agreed with me that no attack would be made upon us before the huge captain returned to his men, and, if we could prevent that return, we might be in a position to keep them

under control below the hatches until we could reach some port. He also offered to join Anthony in his watch over the entrance to the cabin.

I knew of no better arrangement for the time, and consented. But hardly had he gone to his place, when a fearful gust of the wind carried away our foretopmast, and sent it tumbling to the deck. Fortunately no one was hurt, but it took us some time in the darkness and storm to clear away the yards and tackling, and called both watchers away from that post of duty. Before they could return the forward lookout reported the sound of breakers on ahead, and I ordered the Indian into the bow, hoping his keen eyes would detect the reefs we were approaching. Soon his laconic announcement was passed down to me :

"Gay Head ! Me know him."

During the work of clearing the deck new men had been put at the helm, and, being now at liberty, I called Charley Hill, and we both went forward. We could plainly hear the sound of the breakers, but try as we would neither of us could pierce the veil of darkness that hung over the

adjacent land. Master Jeremiah, however, described the headlands so accurately we were convinced he was right, and decided we were abreast of the southwest point of Martha's Vineyard.

"We have been driven farther to the westward than I thought, and have made more rapid progress," I remarked to Charley.

"It's hard estimating one's course or speed in a storm like this," he replied; and then, as though an inspiration had come to him, he added: "Why cannot we run behind the island and ride out the storm? With the sharp eyes of the Indian to guide us, I believe I can put the brig into Menemsha bay."

I knew Charley, born at Barnstable, was as familiar with these waters as I was with those north of Cape Ann, and entered heartily into his project. While he went to the wheel I remained beside the Indian lad to whom I explained our plan.

"Me see right into Menemsha bay," he stoutly declared; and before the night was over we had every reason to believe his word.

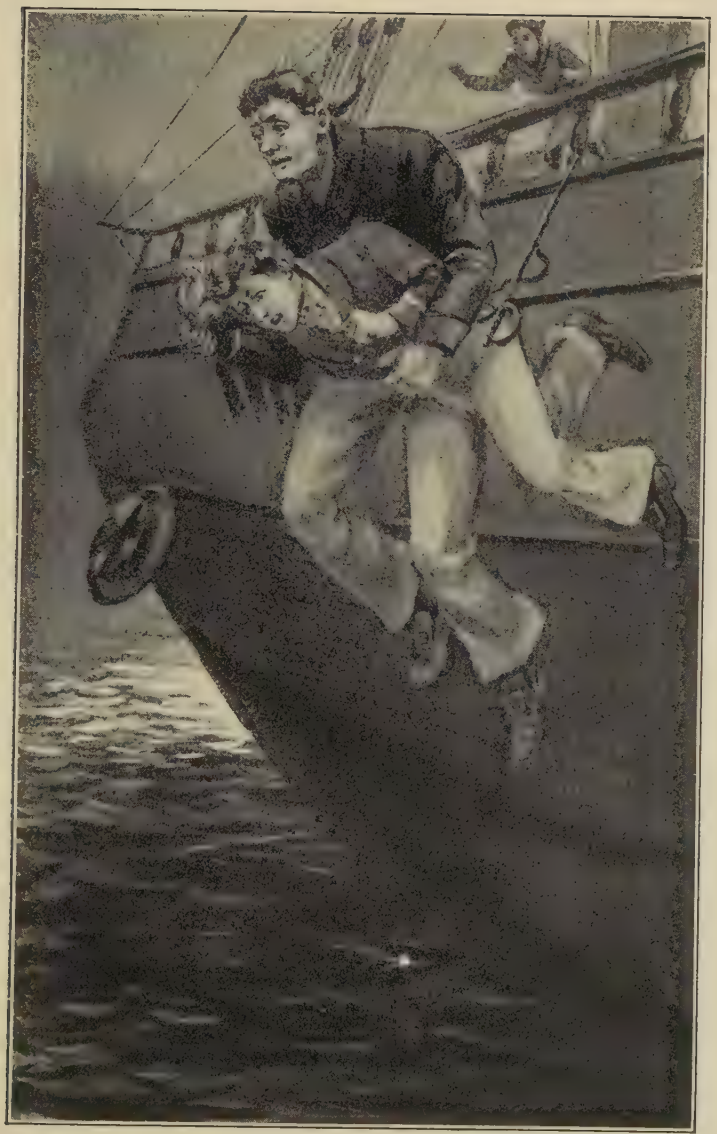
It would be a long story to tell how we, drop-

ping off to the westward, cleared the point, and then, hoisting our mainsail and jib enough to give us headway, beat up into the comparatively quiet waters of Menemsha. I am quite sure the fierceness of the tempest had abated, or we should never have done it. But an hour or two before dawn saw the feat accomplished, and as the anchor went down my tired and exhausted men gave a loud hurrah.

It was not until then that I recalled our other peril, and, suddenly conscious that for more than two hours the cabin had been unguarded, I hastened aft. But Charley Hill and Anthony Jeremiah were before me. The instant they were released—the one from the helm, the other from the bow—they had hurried back to their old places near the cabin hatch, and none too soon. A minute after they were in waiting, the huge form of the British captain loomed up near the cover, on which he tapped three times lightly. Before it could be thrown open, however, the lads sprang upon him.

I was in time to join in the tussle, and a severe one it was. Slowly we forced him away from the

cabin towards the starboard rail, trying constantly to throw him. Again and again it seemed as though we should be victorious, but he would regain his footing. Finally we struck the gunwale with a bang. Then he, exerting his Herculean strength to its utmost, threw off the clutches of my comrades and, catching me up in his arms, leaped overboard.



The big British captain caught me up in his arms and leaped overboard. Page 102.
—*In the Track of the Enemy.*

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH WE WITNESS A GREAT CELEBRATION.

BEFORE I could recover from my surprise at this sudden and unexpected movement on the part of the English captain we struck the water and went down, down, down, until I thought there would be no end to the going. Then my feet touched the sea bottom, and slowly we began to ascend.

Of course it was only a brief moment before we reached the surface again, yet it seemed an age to me. During the entire descent and ascent the officer held me in his grasp, and I remember wondering if it was to be a death grip. Then we emerged into the air, and how fresh and sweet it seemed as I again breathed it in! But it was only for an instant, for loosing his hold on me my captor caught me by the throat with his right hand and pressed my head back under the water again.

"You young rascal," he cried, and shaking me

as a terrier might have shaken a rat, "you young rascal, you are the cause of all my troubles. You sighted my brig and reported her to your captain. Through you I lost her, through you my plan to recover her has been thwarted; and now you shall die for it. Take that! and that! and that!" and with each interjection he ducked my head down under the waves until I was confident my last hour had come.

But a kind Providence was watching over me even there in the depths of the sea. Before he could plunge me beneath the surface a fourth time a voice called out:

"Me try same game, Cap'n. See how you like it."

It was Anthony Jeremiah who had bravely leaped overboard to my rescue, and as he spoke he caught my assailant by the throat with both hands and pressed him down until the waves rolled over his head. The Englishman naturally released me to engage his new antagonist, and after some gasping and sputtering I caught my breath and recovered myself sufficiently to go to my rescuer's help.

But he did not need me. His grip on the throat of the big captain was like iron, and before I reached his side he had choked and strangled the fellow into subjection.

"Keep quiet; me do it more; put you in pickle; sit on you," was his threat, and his victim, perhaps because he now found he had two opponents to deal with, obeyed.

Meantime they had not been idle on board the brig. The minute the Indian lad had plunged into the sea Charley Hill had ordered lights and ropes brought to the starboard railing, and a boat lowered, while he kept up a vigorous shouting to encourage us:

"We shall be with you in a minute! Together you ought to hold the captain down until we can get there! Sing out, so we'll know where to find you! Keep up courage! Here we come!"

The wind was off shore, and neutralized in a measure the flood tide, so we had not drifted far away during our watery tussle. Finding now that our prisoner was inclined to be submissive we placed ourselves, one on either side of him,

and pushed him slowly back towards the boat which was hastening to our aid—calling out to its occupants from time to time, that they might the more readily find us.

The sheltered position of the cove, where the brig had anchored, was in our favor, and, though somewhat exhausted by our efforts, we had no difficulty in keeping up until the yawl reached us, and drew us on board one by one. In five minutes more we were all back on board the brig.

Perhaps a half-hour had elapsed between the time the captain jumped into the sea and our reaching the vessel's deck again, and during that period it had grown perceptibly lighter. In fact we could now distinguish each other's forms, and also, as we moved towards them, the masts, the cook's galley, and all the larger objects about us.

Since there was no opportunity to change our drenched clothing, or to rest our weary frames, I gave immediate attention to the most serious problem that confronted us: how to quell the insurrection between decks.

Turning to the big Englishman, who stood near

under the guard of two of my men, I remarked as unconcernedly as I could under the circumstances :

"Well, sir, once again you have failed in your purpose."

He scowled wrathfully as he answered :

"Hang you ! You have more lives than a cat. The devil must take care of you."

"It is a higher and a better Power that has protected me this night," I responded reverently, "a Power you cannot thwart. But tell me how you escaped from the forecastle."

He grinned sardonically.

"I leave it for you to find out," he replied.

"What were your plans for the capture of the vessel ?" I continued, though I had no hope of a satisfactory answer from him.

"Don't you wish you knew ?" he retorted derisively.

"Perhaps you will be more ready to inform me before noon," I remarked, and I directed the men who held him to take him forward and let him hug the foremast for a few hours.

There was no reluctance on their part as they

carried out the order. Seating him flat down on the deck, they spread out his long legs until they reached well around the huge stick, and then they tied his feet with a rope to complete the circle. His arms were then extended about the spar as far as they would reach, and a cord was passed from one wrist to the other. His position while far from cruel, was certainly uncomfortable, and I hoped he would at length grow tired of his affectionate embrace, and be ready to tell me more about the condition of things between the decks.

My prisoner disposed of for the time being, I turned my attention to the bettering of the condition of my men. A fire was started in the galley, and its contents were overhauled. Sufficient food was found for a single meal, and this, with a dish of warm grog, I had distributed among them. Then, by turns, I had them wring out their wet garments, and dry them at the galley fire. So when daylight came they were quite comfortable and ready to carry out the plan which I had been maturing.

It had seemed to me, as I thought over the

situation, that there were three plans, any one of which I might carry out in my dealing with the rebellious prisoners : First, I could keep the hatches fastened down, and sail for Boston with the captives in possession of the lower deck. Uncomfortable as it might be for myself and my men, we could without doubt reach our destination and there find the help necessary to compel the surrender of the refractory Englishmen.

Or secondly, we could try starving the partially liberated men into subjection. Even if they were able to break into the lower hold where the provisions were, they had no way of cooking food, and might after two or three days be willing to return to the forecastle for the sake of regular and properly cooked rations. This plan seemed all the more feasible when I remembered that we would be able to deprive them of all light and of fresh air.

Then thirdly, it was possible that we might drive the fellows back from the cabin to their original quarters, and secure them there. It was true that the larger part of our weapons had fallen into their hands, but to offset these I had

thought of a bit of strategy which I believed would more than make up for the advantage that they gave.

Charley Hill, when I mentioned the three plans to him, voiced my own feelings by saying :

"The first plan is all right, and will work, but I hate to go into port that way. The second would delay us too long. The third is the one to try, and I believe as you propose to carry it out it will be a success. But you haven't had a talk with the prisoners yet. Possibly when they know the captain is in your power, and how near you are to port, they will yield and go quietly back to the forecastle."

"Oh ! I intended to give them the chance," I answered. "We'll try a parley with them now."

Accompanied by him I walked over to the cabin hatch and gave three raps, as the big captain had done several hours before. No attention was paid to the knocks, and I repeated them. Then there was a rattling below, and the cover was pushed back a few inches, while a cautious voice asked :

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am the master of the brig, and wish to talk with you," I began.

"Not much," was the curt reply, and the hatch closed with a bang, and the fastenings rattled into place.

"We'll try the forehatch," I suggested. "This fellow may have had his orders to ignore everybody but the big captain."

So we walked forward, and, at my direction, the hatch was unfastened and shoved back about a foot. Bending down I started to speak, but before I could do so there was the crack of a musket, and a bullet buried itself in the wood near my face.

Naturally I jumped back, and the Englishman at the mast, who had witnessed my act, laughed scornfully.

"Afraid, are you?" he called out. "Wait a while, and they'll make your hair stand on end."

His taunt decided me. We would no longer attempt to parley with the fellows.

"Fasten down the hatch! Call all hands aft!"

I said to Charley, and, taking no other notice of the jibe of the bound officer, I went back to the quarter-deck.

As soon as the men were assembled I told them, in tones too low to reach the huge captain's ears, what I proposed to do. When I mentioned the strategy I intended to use the Indian lad smiled perceptibly, while the other sailors could hardly suppress a cheer. Then I asked how many of them were willing to assist me in carrying out the plan. They volunteered to a man.

We took an inventory of our weapons. We had one musket—that which the sentinel used when on guard. This had the night before been placed in the cook's galley, and, with its horn of powder and pouch of bullets, was dry and ready for use. Then we had four pistols, those belonging to Charley Hill and myself—though they were water-soaked. Every sailor moreover had his knife.

It was a small showing beside the three muskets, the six pistols, the two cutlasses, and the score of sheath-knives, which had been left in the cabin, and which had now fallen into the hands

of the prisoners. But it was all I had counted on, and I believed it would be enough for our purpose.

As rapidly as possible Charley and I drew out the wet charges from our pistols, and, cleaning the weapons, reloaded them with dry powder from the musket flask, and rammed down the old bullets. We were now ready except that bit of strategy I proposed to use. Forming into a double line with Charlie and myself at the head, I sent the last two men to release the big captain, and bring him down to us.

There was a strange look on his face when he was placed before Charley and myself, and told to open the cabin hatch.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"Just what I said," I retorted. "You are to open that hatch and go down into the cabin, while we follow you. If your men want to shoot you they may."

"What if I refuse?" he questioned.

"Then we shall shoot you down here," I answered sternly, and placing the muzzle of my pistol at the back of his neck. "I will give you

until I count five to decide what you will do. One, two, three——"

I got no further. As he had become submissive in the water when he found the Indian and I had him in our power, so he became submissive now. Knocking three times on the closed hatch, he called out:

"It is I, Captain Greenenough. Open up! I wish to come in."

A voice called out in answer. He repeated his demand, and then the hatch was opened a little way. Catching sight of the burly form of the Englishman, the attending sailor threw the door wide open, and the officer began to descend the stairs.

Charley and I followed close at his heels, our pistols ready for instant use, while our men pressed rapidly down after us.

"Don't shoot, lads! Don't shoot! You'll kill me if you do," the captain kept crying, as he advanced. "Go back to the forecastle. It's all up with us. It's all up."

To give emphasis to his words I fired one of my pistols over his shoulder, taking good care, how-

ever, not to hit any of his men. Astonished at the turn in the affairs, and admonished that they could not hit any of us, shielded as we were by the huge body of their leader, they fell back into the passage leading amidships, and slowly retreated towards the forecastle door. Long before they reached it, however, Charley and I had pushed our pistols by the captain, crying out :

"Drop your weapons as you go, or we'll fire into you," while the sailor back of us, armed with the musket, shoved its long barrel past the officer's neck with a suddenness that made him jump, and repeated our cry. When Captain Greenenough added :

"Yes, lads, drop your guns ; they are of no use to you now," they obeyed to a man, as we afterwards found upon picking up the weapons and counting them.

Once at the forecastle we pushed the big captain in after his men, and pulled to the door. Then we saw how it had been opened.

The door swung into the passageway, and to secure it my men had barred it from without. One of the prisoners, perhaps the captain himself,

had succeeded in retaining a knife, with which he had cut an opening through the door large enough to extend an arm. If this had not been Captain Greenenough's act, the next thing done was certainly his work, for no one else could have done it. Reaching his arm through the hole he had wrenched off the bar with a powerful jerk, while his comrades drowned the noise with their songs. It was clear that had I at the outset placed a sentinel at this door as well as at the forehatch the prisoners would not have escaped.

What I had neglected at first I now proceeded to do. The hole was covered with a stout board; the door was refastened; and an armed guard was placed without. This done, we once more, and with better reason than before, regarded our prisoners as secure.

It took us but a short time to put the brig to rights, and when at noon the storm broke, we hoisted anchor and proceeded on our way. Twenty-four hours later we entered Boston harbor, to find both brigantines had outridden the tempest and reached there a few hours ahead of us.

As soon as our anchor was down, I hurried to put the brig into order, intending then to get out my boat and go over to the *Kingston Packet* and make my report to Lieutenant Fanning. Before I could do so, however, he came over to me. The moment he mounted to our deck I knew he was greatly elated over something, but whatever it was he controlled himself enough to say:

"Glad to see you safely in port, Midshipman Gardiner. We were a little anxious about you until you hove in sight down the bay. You seem to have outridden the gale in good shape though you were so heavily loaded. Did you have a hard time of it?"

"Rather," I admitted, returning his greeting. "Come down into the cabin, and I will make my report to you."

He complied, though the air of one under suppressed excitement still clung to him.

"Well, you did have a hard time between the storm without and the tempest within," he commented as I finished. "But you and Charley were equal to both emergencies—though Anthony Jeremiah ought to come in for a share of the

praise. What a help the Indian is in an emergency! I always feel safer to have him along with me. As for that English captain, we'll soon put him where he will make no further trouble. At your convenience bring him and his fellow-prisoners up from the forecastle and we'll send them up to the Bridewell. I'll have a squad of soldiers sent down to guard them."

Then, turning his eyes full upon me, he continued, the excitement he had been trying to control breaking forth into an irrepressible enthusiasm with every additional word :

"I have a piece of news for you. On the fourth of this month the Continental Congress at Philadelphia made a Declaration of Independence. A copy of it arrived here this morning, and tomorrow it will be read from the gallery of the state house, and the day will be given over to a general rejoicing. You are just in time to share in the celebration."

"Hurrah!" I cried. "I must tell Charley," and rushing to the ladder I called him into the cabin, where between us we told him the joyful news.

For some time we discussed the tidings and how much it meant to the colonies. We were all agreed that it was one thing to declare our independence of the mother country, and quite another to make it an established fact.

"It will be a long, hard, exhausting struggle," Lieutenant Fanning declared as he rose up to go, "but we shall win. See what I tell you."

Charley and I were equally confident, and so were the good people of Boston and vicinity as their enthusiasm on the following day revealed.

No words of mine can give you an adequate idea of the celebration which we through a kind Providence were permitted to witness. I doubt if such a demonstration of joy on the part of any people was ever known in all the world before. At an early hour Midshipman Hill and I joined Lieutenant Fanning and Quartermaster Sargent at Burrough's Wharf, and attempted to go up town. But already from the North to the South Battery, and from Long Wharf to the Common, the streets were full of men, women and children. Where so large a crowd had come from puzzles me as I think it over to-day. I could not help

making known my wonder to my comrades, and Lieutenant Fanning said :

"They come from miles around—from Plymouth and Barnstable at the south, and Salem and Lexington on the north, and Concord and Watertown on the west."

"It don't look as though there were many Tories in this region nowadays," Charley Hill remarked as the shouts of the multitude resounded on the air.

Before any of us could reply the sound of a drum and fife fell on our ears.

"The soldiers are coming!" I shouted, and we followed the crowd towards King Street, where the parade was to take place.

Reaching the street at length, we stood there on the first corner, and for some minutes watched the finely dressed and well equipped companies as they passed by. Then we heard an old gentleman standing near us say :

"They are going to join Washington's forces at New York as soon as this celebration is over."

My comrades and I turned to watch the troops

with a new interest, and I could not refrain from saying to Charley :

"Does it not make you want to be a soldier instead of a sailor?"

"No," he declared stoutly. "I am a sailor from choice, and I believe I can serve my country as well on the sea as on the land."

"Well said, young man," the gentleman who had made the announcement about the troops remarked, looking towards us for the first time. Then he asked :

"Do you belong to the prize ships that came in yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," we acknowledged.

"Call and see me," he requested. "My name is Simon Fletcher, and I live in Battery Alley."

Then we knew him for a true patriot, and one who had served the cause well during the days the Britishers occupied the town. At the risk of his life he had remained among them, keeping the Continental forces that were besieging the place well informed as to what was transpiring within the enemy's lines. We gladly accepted his invitation, therefore, and had the pleasure of

spending an evening with him not long after, and hearing from his own lips of the exciting events in which he had taken part.

An hour or two later we got as near to the state house as possible, and listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and joined with the throng in three rousing cheers as the document was finished. I have not the space to tell of what followed—how the bells were rung, and the people shouted, and the cannon blazed and thundered, and the striped banners were flung to the breeze from the church steeples. Not the stars and stripes as we now have them, but the striped banner with a blue field and a double cross which had been adopted as the union flag in the previous January. The starry flag as we now have it did not come until a year later.

Between the crowd and the noise and our continual tramping we were well tired when near sundown we went back to our ships. But learning an hour later that all the emblems of royalty in the town—English lions and scepters and crowns, whether graven or painted—were to be torn down and burned on King, or State Street,

as it had been rechristened that day, we again went on shore.

As we reached the corner of North Street and Battery alley we found an excited throng gathered about a hostelry, from the front of which a long pole extended on which hung a huge sign bearing the portrait of King George.

"Tear it down! Tear it down!" the crowd shouted.

"I'd like to see any man do it," a burly man with a musket in his hands answered from the open window above.

His defiant attitude had its effect on the men below, and no one made an effort to pull down the sign. Then Lieutenant Fanning said to us in a low tone:

"Boys, that board must come down."

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH MY MEN AND I ARE ENTRAPPED.

We looked at him in some alarm, for we thought his first act towards carrying out his resolve would be likely to bring the contents of that gun down upon his head. But we soon found he meant to accomplish his purpose by strategy rather than by an open advance upon the infuriated innkeeper.

"Will you stay here, Quartermaster Sargent?" he whispered so as not to attract the attention of the throng, "and see that that fellow's face is kept this way? Jeer him, threaten him, do anything to keep him from looking behind him. I'll take Midshipmen Hill and Gardiner with me, and we'll soon have him so he can injure no one."

Receiving a nod of assent from Master Sargent, he led us around into the back-yard of the building which we reached by scaling a high fence. Approaching the rear door we found it to our surprise unfastened, and so, without the trouble or

the noise of breaking in, made our way into a basement used as a receptacle for fuel. An axe stuck in a chopping block caught our leader's eye, and he exclaimed :

"Pick up the axe and bring it along, Midshipman Hill. We shall need it to cut down the pole."

So with the tool in hand Charley followed us up a stairway to the floor on a level with the street. The shouts and jeers of the crowd outside reached us through the thick walls, and knowing that the comrade we had left out there was attending to his part of the program we looked around for the stairs leading to the next floor. Finding them readily, we crept cautiously up and came into a room at the rear of that in which the defiant Tory stood. The door between the chambers was open, and we caught sight of him, and knew by his attitude that he had no inkling of our approach. In a voice audible only to us Lieutenant Fanning gave his final directions :

"Henry and I will seize and hold the fellow, Charley, while you cut down the sign. Ready! Go!"

With noiseless tread we sprang into the front room, and, before the man was aware of our presence, laid hold of him. But he was as wiry as a panther, and it was some time before we wrenched the weapon from his hands and bore him down to the floor. In fact, long before we had him in subjection we heard the blows of Midshipman Hill's axe on the pole, and heard him call out :

"Stand from under !"

Then as we choked the innkeeper into a condition where he could no longer struggle there came a loud crash, followed by the huzzas of the people, and we knew that the hated image of King George was in the hands of the waiting men, who would speedily dispose of it.

"You may get up," Lieutenant Fanning immediately remarked to our prisoner, and releasing his hold upon him, but taking care to pick up the musket which had fallen to the floor.

Slowly the huge fellow arose, and glared at us with an intense hatred written on every feature of his ugly face.

"You mean, sneaking, meddling whelps," he

spluttered, "you think yourselves smart, crawling up a back way and taking me unawares. You were too cowardly to come up in front, and give me a fair chance. But Tim Whaley will remember you, and pay you up for this if it takes ten years to do it."

"By the way you talk I think the safest thing to do with you is to turn you over to the town authorities," our leader said. "They will be glad to put just such a fellow as you are into the Bridewell."

With an oath the man darted into the next room, and down the stairway. We followed him, and were in time to see him plunge headlong over the fence of the back-yard much as he might have dived into the water.

"We are rid of him, but I guess I had better take his gun along lest he should kill some one with it before the night is over," Lieutenant Fanning remarked with a laugh.

When we got around to the street where Quartermaster Sargent was waiting for us, we found that the throng had found out who we were, and they greeted us with cheers.

"We have you to blame for that," Master Fanning remarked to Master Sargent, when we at length shook off the admiring crowd.

He laughed. "All I did," he protested, "was to tell those men near me that three naval officers had gone around to the rear of the house to try to get in and capture the innkeeper, and we wanted to keep the fellow busy until they had time to accomplish their work. They understood, and passed the word through the throng, and you never heard better jeering than they gave for the next ten minutes. My! how mad the fellow was! Then when you seized him, and Charley began to cut away the pole, they held their breath in suspense. Of course they had to cheer after the whole affair was over to relieve their pent-up feelings. What did you do with your prisoner?"

"Let him go, and you ought to have seen him run," the lieutenant replied, and again we laughed as we recalled the spectacle. We did not mention the fellow's threat, for I do not think at the time a single one of us remembered it, of so little account did we then deem it. But Charley and I were destined to recall it a little later.

We were soon in State Street, and walked the whole length watching the bonfires, and listening to the comments of the people as new fuel was brought from all parts of the town to feed the flames. I could not help thinking that the ears of King George must have burned as hotly as some of his emblems that night if he had known of the uncomplimentary things that were said of him. Even the most casual observer would have been convinced that the colonists were tired of being ruled by a monarch three thousand miles away, and were determined at any cost to obtain their independence.

It was midnight before we went back to our vessels, and if we had been tired at sundown, we were nearly exhausted now from fatigue. A good night's rest, however, restored us to our usual vigor, and early the following day we began the work of transferring our ships and their cargoes, to the naval authorities.

It took several days to complete these arrangements; and then there was a longer delay before we could find crafts to take us up the Maine coast. Finally Lieutenant Fanning and his squad of

men took a sloop for Machias ; the following day Quartermaster Sargent and his lads shipped on a packet bound for Jonesboro ; while I, forty-eight hours later, secured a passage for myself and men on a schooner going to Eastport. There was an understanding between us that as each party arrived at its destination, it was to charter a sail-boat to set it across to Grand Manan, where in due time the *Providence* would pick us up.

It was the night before our schooner was to sail that Charley and I, feeling lonesome at our boarding house on Ship Street, with Lieutenant Fanning and Quartermaster Sargent already gone, thought of Master Fletcher, who had invited us to call upon him, and so found our way around to his residence. So hearty a welcome did he give us, and so interested did we become in listening to the tales he had to tell, that it was long after midnight before we started back towards our inn. Turning from the alley into North Street we were reminded of the burly innkeeper who dwelt in the adjacent building, and wondered if he still felt angry with us.

"If he is going to carry out his threat he will

have to do so in short order," Charley commented, "for before noon we will be off, and no one can tell when we shall be in town again."

"Oh! he said he'd carry out his threat if it took him ten years to do it, and I hope we'll be back here within that time," I retorted with no idea that the Tory was at that moment following us to carry out his revenge, and was near enough to hear my words.

We reached Ship Street, and were nearly at our stopping place, when a cry for help from the dock fell on our ears.

"Some one is in the bay," I exclaimed, and together my comrade and I ran down to the wharf.

Again the cry reached us, coming apparently from under the planking on which we stood, and dropping down on our knees we peered over the edge of the dock, trying to make out what the trouble was. The next moment we were each caught by our heels and tumbled unceremoniously into the water.

The tide was high and we went down some distance before we returned to the surface. At length, spluttering well from our involuntary

bath, we came up into the air, and swam to the piling, up which we hoped to climb to the dock. Then we became aware that a struggle was going on above us, and before we were half-way up the timbers the voice of Master Fletcher called out :

"Lads, where are you? Speak and I'll throw you a rope."

We quickly assured him of our safety, and were helped by him up on to the planking. Then we saw our old acquaintance, the innkeeper, in the hands of two patrolmen.

Master Fletcher's story was soon told. He had remained at his door, after dismissing us, long enough to see a dark form creeping along the street in our track. He had, therefore, got the help of the nearest patrol and followed us. When we were thrown into the bay, he and the men with him had seized our assailant, who proved to be the burly Tory. Then they had come to our rescue. What the man's purpose was, was revealed by his own words. He spat at us, saying :

"Curse you, but for these meddlers I would have followed you into the water and drowned you like rats."

We paid no attention to his ravings, but thanking our rescuers, hurried away to our boarding place. After removing our wet clothing, we turned in for a few hours of sleep. At ten o'clock, however, we were on board our schooner, and on our way up the coast.

Owing to head winds, and the fact that our vessel was a slow sailer, we did not reach Eastport until late on the third afternoon after leaving Boston. Realizing that the other squads were well in advance of us, and doubtless had already been a day or two at our rendezvous, I hastened to secure a boat to run us over to the island that night. A small fisher, manned by a crew of two, was lying off shore, and, after some haggling over the price we were to pay, and a stipulation that they must have the money cash down before we sailed, the fellows finally agreed to set us over. It was six o'clock before we were off; it was dark before we were out on the ocean; then the wind died away, and we were becalmed.

"How long is this likely to keep up?" I asked the owners of the boat.

"All night, for all I know," the elder of the

two men replied somewhat impatiently, as though the delay was vexing him. Then he added a little more pleasantly: "But we can make you and your men quite comfortable. There are four berths in the cabin, and old clothes enough to make a field bed on the floor. I'll fix it up for you, and you may turn in when you please. Jake and I will catch our naps here in the cockpit—we want to be ready for the first breeze that blows."

As he spoke he gave the tiller to his comrade, and went into the cabin, where he busied himself with the preparations he had suggested. On his return he said: "There you are! Doubtless you've had a better sleeping place; and maybe you've had worse. Help yourselves!"

One by one my men went into the cabin, and lay down. Not far from ten o'clock I followed them. They had left one of the berths for me, and, as I stepped over the bodies of those lying on the floor to reach it, I noticed that Anthony Jeremiah was wide awake. He turned his dark eyes up towards me with a questioning look in them I could not quite understand, though I thought he

meant to ask me if it was safe for us all to go to sleep. To reassure him, therefore, I said as I tumbled into my bunk :

"Unless you hurry, Anthony, I shall be asleep before you."

He closed his eyes as though satisfied, and I soon followed his example. But the place was hot, as well as crowded, and it was a half-hour before I dropped into a fitful slumber. I must have slept some time, however, when I awoke with a start. Something had touched my face. I raised my head, and noticed that the boat was dashing through the water, her sails creaking and bending in a heavy wind, but I heard and saw nothing moving in the cabin. With a sigh of satisfaction, therefore, I turned over and settled down for another nap. Then a hand touched my face, for the second time as I now know, and the voice of Master Jeremiah said :

"Man at helm want you."

I arose and went to the door of the tiny cabin. The two men, making up the crew of the fisher, were at the helm, though the younger man now held the tiller.

"What do you want?" I inquired.

Again the elder one was the spokesman:

"Here is a sloop coming up towards us. Do you suppose it's the one you belong to?"

I went out into the cockpit and glanced off towards the south. Though there was no moon, it was not very dark, and I could readily make out a vessel about the size of the *Providence* running up our way.

"It looks like our sloop," I admitted, "but I had not expected her in these waters. She was to keep south of Grand Manan."

"Perhaps she has picked up the rest of your men, who have told your captain he would find you in Eastport," the master of the fisher suggested.

"It may be," I replied, forgetting that I had never said anything to the man about any other companions, who like ourselves were to be picked up by the sloop, and therefore failing to note there was something suspicious in the fellow's familiarity with our affairs. "We'll go near enough to hail her."

In a few minutes I thought of Anthony and his sharp eyes, and called where he had remained since awaking me.

"Is that our sloop, Master Jeremiah?" I asked when he was beside me.

He gazed steadily off towards the approaching vessel for a moment or two, and then answered hesitatingly:

"Yes—no."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled by his contradictory answer.

"Yes—some things; no—some things;" he explained.

"Tell me more fully," I suggested, beginning to understand him.

"Has our rig—has same guns—has same men on deck," referring to the number in the night watch, "is not so long—sails not so white—not so fast sailer."

"Rather a nice distinction to make in the darkness," commented our skipper, who had been listening intently to our conversation.

"Yes, but his judgment is good, and his eyesight is perfect," I retorted in the lad's defense.

"We'll soon know, however, whether he is right, for I am going to hail her."

We were soon near enough, and going out on the bow, I called out:

"Sloop ahoy! Who are you?"

The Continental sloop-of-war *Providence*," responded a voice wonderfully like Lieutenant Fanning's. "Is that you, Midshipman Gardiner?"

"Yes," I replied promptly; "are you up here looking for us?"

"Yes; we were picked up this afternoon and the captain decided to go into Eastport after you," was the answer. "We'll heave to and you can come alongside," and he gave the necessary order to his crew.

While the sloop was wearing around, I stepped along to the door of the cabin to awake my men. Master Jeremiah followed me, and, touching my arms, said in a low tone:

"Beg pardon—not our sloop."

"Oh! yes it is," I returned impatiently; "for once, Anthony, your eyes have failed you. Then I know Lieutenant Fanning's voice, and didn't you notice he called me by name?"

"Not him," he still persisted.

Then I laughed at the lad. "You will soon find I am right," I declared, and called my men.

By this time the vessels were together, and at my order my comrades in turn clambered up to the sloop's deck. I was the last to board her, and paused at her rail to say to the men on the fisher:

"You have done well to intercept our vessel and put us on board so promptly. I thank you greatly, good sirs."

"Oh! that's all right," they both responded with a laugh I could not understand.

But I understood it a moment later, for, turning to grasp Lieutenant Fanning's hand as I supposed, I found myself instead face to face with a British officer, and my men surrounded by British marines. We had been neatly entrapped.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN JONES COMES TO OUR RESCUE.

SURPRISED as I was at the discovery I could not help wondering about two things: How the Britishers had learned of us and planned so successfully for our capture; and why my men had not, as they mounted the deck of the sloop, recognized and made known in some way her character to me? But my train of thought was quickly interrupted, for the officer, a short, stout, pompous fellow, who in no way resembled the friend I had expected to meet, remarked gruffly as he looked me over:

"I don't see any reason, sir, why you shouldn't share the quarters of your men. Here, marines! march the whole lot of them down to the pen," and forthwith we were taken to the middle hatch, and made to descend to the lower deck where a stout prison pen had been partitioned off from the hold.

Once there, shut off from all light and from the fresh air, and without any other bed than the hard floor, I had ample time to speculate over the two questions which had come into my mind when I first crossed the sloop's rail. The first—how the redcoats had learned of us and planned for our capture—there was no means of answering for the present; the second—why my men had not in some way made known the character of the vessel before I reached her deck—I determined to settle. So, looking around in the darkness for Dan Green, the first of my men to clamber up the sloop's side, I inquired:

"Dan, why didn't you sing out that the vessel was a Britisher the moment you got on board? It might not have saved the rest of us from capture, but it would have given us a chance to have broken the heads of those rascally fishermen."

"Beg pardon, sir, I didn't know it in time," he answered. "One man, just like Lieutenant Fanning, sir, stood there, an' told me to fall into line till all were on board, an' I did so, sir. He left, an' that other officer an' the marines came just as you reached the rail, sir."

All of my men confirmed his statement, and I found myself confronted by another puzzle, namely: who was this man who so resembled our Lieutenant Fanning? Why had he taken himself out of the way just before I appeared? Was it really our officer? Had he turned traitor and betrayed us? Had he and his men been captured also, and were the enemy forcing him to be a decoy for us? I was confident I could say no to both queries. Nathaniel Fanning would no more turn traitor to the cause than I; and, as for acting as a decoy for us, he would have suffered death first. No, whoever the man was, he was simply some one who resembled our third lieutenant. In this opinion I was strengthened by a statement from Anthony Jeremiah. He had listened to the declarations of his comrades and now said quietly:

"Like him, not him, older."

This reminded me that for the second time I had got into trouble because I had not been willing to trust to the keen eyesight of the lad, and I apologized handsomely; then I said:

"You distrusted those men on the fisher,

Anthony? That is why you looked at me so as I went to my berth?"

"Yes," he assented; "me thought them Tories; smell like Master Perkins."

I smiled at his quaint way of accounting for his distrust, and then continued:

"Did you go to sleep? And did they tell you to wake me?"

"No sleep," he answered; "they no call you; me hear them say: 'There the sloop'; so me send you out."

By this acknowledgment I concluded that it had been the purpose of the owners of the smack to run us alongside of the Britisher, and awake us only when we were surrounded by a force too large for us to resist. My appearance at the cabin door, and inquiry, had compelled them to change their plan; but it was an emergency they had provided for, and one which, owing to my unwillingness to trust the eyes of the Indian lad rather than my own ears, they skilfully met. To have heeded him, and taken possession of the fisher before it was in range of the sloop's guns, would doubtless have enabled us to escape.

Clearly we were prisoners, not because I had not been fairly warned, but because of my over confidence in my own sagacity. As on the night of our reconnoiter in New York bay, I had through self-conceit played the fool.

But it was no use now to wish I had listened to Master Jeremiah. We were captives, and we must make the best of it. My companions certainly did so. Not once did they reproach me for my mistake; not once did they find fault with their surroundings; not once did they complain of the treatment they received, though they would have been justified in doing so.

Only once in forty-eight hours was the door of our pen opened. Then a scanty supply of food and water was thrust in, and the door immediately closed. The darkness was oppressive; the heat stifling; the air foul; the odors sickening; to obtain rest was impossible. The hours we spent there even now rise up before me like a horrid nightmare. I could not help contrasting the way we were treated with the way we had treated our prisoners in the prize-ship; and, at the time, I was vindictive enough to declare I would make

the next Britishers who fell into our hands atone for our sufferings, a threat I am very glad to say I never carried out.

Our release from that durance vile came unexpectedly. We heard the anchor chains of the vessel rattling, and the plunge of the iron into the sea. The motion of the sloop ceased. We were in some harbor. Did it mean a better or a worse fate for us? We were soon to know.

The hatch was promptly taken off; our prison door was thrown back; and the command for us to ascend to the deck was given. We obeyed, drawing in deep breaths of the fresh air as we went.

Amidships we were drawn up into line, counted, and our names, ages, descriptions and rank written down. While this was being done we had an opportunity to look about us. It was early morning. We were at anchor in a small bay, the wooded arms of which encircled us quite closely. Behind us was the open sea. Ahead of us was other shipping; while beyond that a village of considerable size nestled on the adjacent shore.

I took all this in at a glance, and then my eye fell on a man, who was pacing the quarter-deck and watching the preparations that were being made to send us ashore. He wore the uniform of a lieutenant, but was evidently the commander of the sloop. It was not this, however, that riveted my attention, but his startling resemblance to our Lieutenant Fanning. Anthony Jeremiah had been right when in his laconic speech he had declared: "like him; but older." He might well have passed, in figure, in face, in movement, for an elder brother; and when he spoke, ordering his subordinate to march us away to the waiting boats, his voice was so like my friend's I did not wonder I had been deceived by it.

We were distributed between the yawls,—there were two of them,—and six marines were sent along as a guard. Besides these there were an officer and four sailors in each boat. Charley Hill, myself, and four of my men, were put in one; while Anthony Jeremiah and his five comrades were placed in the other. I speak of these arrangements in detail that the reader may better understand what happened.

Our boat was the first to get away, and when we were out of hearing of the sloop I ventured to ask the officer in charge of us—a midshipman somewhat older than myself—what the name of the town was to which he was taking us. He replied :

" That is Canso, Nova Scotia. I'm going to put you in the jail there." Then he added boastfully : " We've put a whole lot of your fellows in there lately."

I at once thought of Lieutenant Fanning's and Quartermaster Sargent's squads, and concluded that he meant that one or both of them had been captured, though I could not quite understand how there had been time enough to land them and to come back for us. I was meditating over this fact when we touched shore, and were drawn up on the beach to await the arrival of the other yawl.

The place chosen for our landing was a little below the village, and not far from the great forest which ran back into the interior as far as the eye could see. I noted this, and was quite sure that with a sudden dash one might get

under the cover of the woods, and so make good his escape. But, not wishing to desert my men, the thought passed as quickly from my mind as it came.

But Master Jeremiah evidently had conceived of the same idea, and was watching for an opportunity to put it into execution. It came when the stout, pompous officer I had met when I stepped on the deck of the sloop, and who was in charge of the second boat, slipped and fell in getting out of the craft. The accident attracted the attention of us all, Britishers and Yankees alike, and while we gazed at the discomfited official, the Indian bounded away from his guard, and ran like a deer for the forest.

The midshipman in charge of our squad was the first to see him, but, having his own prisoners to look out for, and perhaps hesitating to assume command where there was a senior officer, he merely called out:

"Quick! Quick! Mr. Smithers! One of your prisoners is running away."

The fallen officer without waiting to regain his feet, cried:

"Shoot him! Shoot him! Run him down! A guinea for the man who captures him dead or alive!"

His marines fired, and then dashed away in pursuit of the fleeing lad, while our guard closed in around the entire party to keep the rest of us from escaping. For myself, however, I had no idea of going. I was too busy following Master Jeremiah with my eyes, fearing first lest he should be wounded or killed, and then lest he should be recaptured. But nothing of the kind happened. He reached the woods unscathed, and once beneath the friendly shelter of the trees, he, through his knowledge of woodcraft, managed to elude his pursuers, and they were obliged to return without him.

I did not know whether to be glad or sorry at the Indian's success. He was in a strange country; the people were hostile; and I was afraid that he, perhaps after days of deprivation and want, would have to surrender to the enemy. I did not know the wonderful ability of the lad to care for himself; nor the plan he had in mind for securing help and coming to our aid. I

thought he was merely thinking of himself in making his escape, and again misjudged him.

The incident did not tend to sweeten the temper of the unfortunate officer, and the way he swore at us as he hurried us along towards the jail was something frightful. The oaths did us no bodily injury, however, and we at length arrived at the huge building sound in limbs and frame.

The structure was two-story and built of logs. On the ground floor were the apartments for the jailer and his assistants, with a few single cells across the main corridor. On the upper floor, the entire space was thrown into one room, with bunks on either side for the prisoners.

To this large room we were taken, and pushed through the door into the midst of eighteen or twenty other prisoners, who crowded about us to learn who we were, and how we had been captured.

I looked eagerly into the faces of these men, and then gave a sigh of relief. All were strangers to me, and so neither of the other squads of our crew had been taken.

It did not consume a great deal of time to tell

who we were, and then we questioned our interlocutors. We found they were all residents of Maine, and men who were loyal to the Continental cause. Some had been torn from their homes during the night hours by parties of raiding Tories; others had been taken from their boats, while fishing off shore, by the same sloop that had captured us. Some had been in the jail for weeks; others, like ourselves, were recent arrivals.

When I had listened to their stories I came to the conclusion that there was a band of Tories, operating in connection with the British sloop, whose purpose was to seize every able-bodied Continental they could find; to prevent him from serving his country on land or sea; and to force him into the British navy. A dozen or more of noble fellows had already been taken from the jail and put on frigates that had called for them.

That my conclusion was correct. I learned in a peculiar way two or three days later. I, to my surprise, was called down to the jailer's office, where I found myself face to face with the old Eastport fisherman who had put us on board the

British sloop. Evidently he and the prison official were in a wrangle of some kind, and I had been brought down to help settle the point of dispute.

The fellow smiled broadly when he saw me, and remarked not unpleasantly :

"Well, Midshipman Gardiner, you did not expect to see me again so soon ?"

My first intention was to treat the fellow coldly, and have as little to do with him as possible ; then I thought I might obtain some facts that would be useful to us if I humored him, so I replied :

"I certainly did not, but now that I have met you, let me say you deserve to be congratulated on the sharp game you played on us."

"It was rather sharp," he admitted with a grin of satisfaction.

"Not many men could have beaten it, if I do say it," I went on. "You are a shrewd fellow."

The flattery told. He grew talkative.

"When that Indian of yours declared the sloop was not the *Providence,* I thought for a

minute we'd lost our game, but I managed to pull the wool over your eyes so you didn't take much stock in what he said."

"That is true," I confessed, "and shows how much keener you are than I am. But tell me, how did you know of our coming to Eastport, and plan so neatly for our capture? You must have learned about us several days before to arrange such a careful and successful plot."

He hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"I don't mind telling you as you are not likely to be in a place very soon where the information will be of any use to you. There's a band of us who are looking for just such fellows as you are. We reach from here to Boston and not much escapes our notice. The captain of that schooner you came up on is one of our number, and after you engaged passage with him he made out he couldn't leave the harbor for several days. That was so he could send word to us of your coming. We knew the vessel you belonged to, and reckoned our sloop would pass for her in the night-time. It was my plan to have her come up above Grand Manan as though looking for you."

"Which proves you are the shrewdest man I ever met," I declared, humoring him a little more that I might learn another fact; "and I presume it was also your plan to put that fellow who looks like our Lieutenant Fanning in command of the vessel to complete the rôle? Where did you pick him up?"

"Oh! he's a Fanning, a relative of your lieutenant, and the regular commander of our sloop. It just happened so, but was a point in our favor. We'd have caught your lieutenant and his squad if we could, that would have been a greater joke yet, a Fanning catching a Fanning, but we had no confederate in Machias."

"It isn't the safest place for Tories, or for British sloops," I retorted, for I knew of the gallant fight in those waters the summer before.*

He frowned.

"I guess we better talk business," he remarked with a sickly smile. "I want to know where that twelfth man of yours is?"

"What do you mean?" I questioned.

* See "A Daring Capture" in this same series of books, also written by Mr. Chipman.

"Why, I had twelve men in my boat, and delivered twelve to the sloop. But Master Bowen here will only give me a receipt for eleven."

"What difference does that make?" I replied to draw him out.

"It makes the difference of a pound," he explained, "a pound apiece is what I get, and as I delivered twelve men I should have an order for twelve pounds, not eleven."

"So you are paid for delivering us to the British authorities?"

"Of course I am; did you think I did it for nothing? And I don't intend to lose a pound when I have earned it. Where is your twelfth man?"

"He escaped as we landed. It was the Indian, and he got into the woods. Where he is now I cannot tell."

"Well, I delivered him, and I want pay for him," the fellow persisted doggedly, turning to the jailer.

"When you deliver him here," that official replied firmly, "I will receipt for him, not before. It is not the men you catch and who escape be-

fore you get them here, but those that I actually have here that I order pay for. Produce your man, and you shall have your pound."

The fisherman arose, and glanced out of the nearest window. Then he exclaimed excitedly :

"What's the matter with my sloop? She's leaving the harbor! Who can have taken her?" and then he rushed out of the building, and down towards the shore.

The jailer returned me to the upper room, and, quickly explaining to my companions what had occurred downstairs, I got two of them to let me stand on their shoulders while I took a look out of one of the small windows in the peak of the building, through which we obtained our fresh air, and which was towards the bay.

Off beyond the point was the fisher vessel with which we were so familiar, and, whoever he was in possession of her, it was clear he was going straight out to sea. I wondered at the circumstance, but had no idea how intimately it was connected with our fate.

Three days passed slowly away, and then early one morning, before we were out of our bunks,

we were startled by the booming of cannon in the harbor. Again I mounted to the shoulders of my men, and gazed through the narrow window seaward. Then I cried out :

"It is the *Providence!* She is in the bay, firing at the shipping! Yes, they have landed men on both sides of the town, and they are coming this way! Captain Jones has come to our rescue! We are saved! We are saved!"

Even as I spoke my comrades, by placing their ears close against the crevices between the logs of the building, could hear the tramp and shouts of the men who were running towards the jail.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH WE CAPTURE A TORY GARRISON.

I DO not know which feeling was paramount in our hearts just then: excitement or impatience. It is a trying place to be in: to know your deliverance is at hand, and yet to be so situated you cannot do the first thing to hasten or to help on, that event.

"I wonder they make so much noise," Charley Hill exclaimed, his cheeks turning first red and then white with excitement and suspense. "They will arouse the whole town and send a crowd down here to defend the jail. Why couldn't they have withheld their shouts until we were out of this pen?"

"It's a ruse to attract all attention that way," I answered. "Our rescuers are coming from the other side, from the forest," for my ears had caught the quiet tread of a body of men in the rear of the building.

They were, however, nearer even than I thought, for scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when there was the sound of a scuffle below, a rush of feet down the main corridor, a few shots, and then the ringing cheer of victory. It was answered by the squads farther down the street, and then heavy footsteps were heard coming up the stairs.

We hurried over to the door, Charley Hill and myself ahead, and the other prisoners as though by common consent dropping into line behind us. Then there was the rattling of bars and the creaking of the huge key—for the door was doubly locked—and then the stout barrier between us and our freedom was thrown wide open.

The first thing I noticed was the jailer, half-clad, in the grip of Jack Robinson and Owen Starbuck. They had dragged him up the stairway and forced him to unfasten the entrance to our pen. At Jack's right was the familiar face of Lieutenant Wallingford, while at Owen's left was the no less familiar one of Anthony Jeremiah. Behind them crowded a dozen sailors whom we knew, and whose rough visages never looked

so handsome and manly as they did at that moment.

At the sight of us they broke into various shouts:

"Here we are, shipmate!"

"Give us your hands, lads!"

"How have these Tories used you?"

"Tell us if they have abused you, and we'll tear the jailer and his cronies limb from limb!"

"No! no! he's done fairly well by us," we replied, and hastening to shake the hands of our rescuers in turn, and to explain who our fellow-prisoners were.

"We know all about that, and will spend no time here telling stories," Lieutenant Wallingford declared. "Follow us, one and all, down to the lower floor, where we'll arm you. Then we'll burn this old structure, and go back to the harbor."

Below we found eight or ten of the ship's crew —some guarding the jailer's assistants, who, like himself, had been captured; others sorting over a stack of arms which they had collected in the prison. To the latter were added an extra supply

of pistols and cutlasses which our rescuers had brought along, and when these had been distributed among us, we filed out of the building a formidable force more than fifty strong.

It took but a few minutes to fire the jail, but not until the flames had gained sufficient headway to make it certain the structure was doomed did Lieutenant Wallingford give the command to start for the shore.

"Captain Jones don't mean that any more patriots shall be confined in those walls," he remarked grimly, as we at his word formed into a hollow square, with our prisoners at the center, and marched off down the street.

Upon reaching the public square we learned what the other squads of our men had been doing, after receiving assurance by the cheers of our rescuers that they were in possession of the jail. One of them, under Lieutenant Fanning, had arrested a score or more of the prominent men of the town and brought them to the green, where they were keeping guard over them while waiting the arrival of Lieutenant Wallingford; the other, in charge of Quartermaster Sargent had been col-

lecting and carrying to the docks all the arms and ammunition stored in the village.

Before the crowd of prisoners Lieutenant Wallingford halted us, and called me to his side.

"Midshipman Gardiner," he inquired, "do you see any one among those men who took part in your capture?"

I looked them over, and was about to say no, when my eye fell on a man in the back row, who had turned his face away so I could not obtain a full view of it. There was something familiar about him, and speaking to the nearest guard, I directed him to bring the fellow to the front where I could see him plainly. He did so, and then I recognized him as the old fisherman who had rushed so unceremoniously out of the jail a few days before.

"Yes," I said to the Lieutenant, "that is the man who put us on board the British sloop."

"Bring him here," our leader said abruptly.

He was soon within a half-dozen paces of the officer, who gazed sternly at him for a moment, and then, pointing towards an adjacent tree, asked:

"Do you see that oak?"

"Yes, sir," the man replied uneasily.

The Lieutenant turned and beckoned to one of his men, who came forward with a coil of rope in his hand.

"Do you see that rope?" he now inquired of the fisherman.

"Yes, sir," the unhappy Tory admitted with blanching cheeks.

"Do you know what I am going to do with it?" thundered the subaltern.

"No-o-o," the fellow stammered, so frightened he could hardly speak.

"I have orders to string you to the nearest tree with it, if you attempt to deceive me in any way."

"I—I won't, sir. I'll tell you all you wish to know," he quickly responded.

"All right! Point out to me the men here who have at any time assisted in capturing patriots along the Maine coast, on land or sea."

"I reckon it's about all of them," the fisherman answered with a sickly smile, and glancing apprehensively at the other prisoners.

"Ah!" ejaculated Lieutenant Wallingford, and dropping into deep thought as though the reply was one he had not expected. In a moment or two, however, he went on:

"Point out then those who have been the most prominent in the work—a half-dozen of them."

The fellow complied with the request, and as the men were designated they were brought over to his side. Then the officer addressed the others:

"It is the determination of Captain Jones to break up this nest of Tories, and to stop the abominable work you have been carrying on. Your jail is destroyed. These men are to be taken away as hostages. Should he hear of any more raiding on your part he will string up these fellows to the yardarm. The rest of you may disperse to your homes, but remember if a shot is fired by any of you at our men, we shall bombard the town, and burn your dwellings to the ground."

His threat was effectual. They went off quietly though sullenly towards their residences.

"Return to your boats," he then commanded

the squad that had been acting as guards to the assembled citizens. As they obeyed, he placed the men who were to serve as hostages in the hollow square beside the other prisoners, and led us rapidly down the street after the sailors, who were already on their way to the shore.

Reaching the harbor we found Captain Jones was already in possession of the shipping. This consisted of four vessels belonging to the Cape Breton fishery, and a dozen or more craft of smaller size. All were now huddled together near our sloop, and as we went back to her we could not help wondering what our commander was going to do with them. We were not long in doubt, however. Scarcely were we on board when he gave orders for the cargoes of dried fish the smacks contained, to be transferred to the largest of the prizes—a new and staunch schooner. When she was loaded in hold and on deck, a crew of ten men was put on her and she was sent out beyond the point to await our coming.

The other vessels, great and small, were then towed out far enough from the town to insure its safety, then all were anchored and set on fire.

The sloop withdrew to a place of safety, and yet not so far away but that she could prevent any attempt on the part of the townspeople to save the burning shipping, and there she waited until the doomed craft were burned to the water's edge.

While waiting their destruction Captain Jones had the eighteen men who had been our fellow-prisoners in the jail brought before him.

"I have two propositions to make to you, fellow-patriots," he said. "One is that you all ship with me, and avenge your wrongs and serve your country in fighting the enemy. The other is that you, in case you do not care to enlist in the regular service, remain with me until I return from the Newfoundland coast, where I am now bound. Then I will put you ashore somewhere near your homes. What say you? Let every man who desires to be placed on the sloop's roster cross over to yonder railing."

The eighteen men without a break moved over to the starboard rail, the one the captain had indicated, amid the cheers of the crew.

The act so pleased Captain Jones he turned and

faced the men, saying in clear, ringing tones, yet not loud enough to reach the shore :

"Thank you, lads! I don't often tell my plans in public, but, for this confidence you have shown in me, I will make known to you my next move. On the Isle of Madame—across the bay—is a Tory garrison, the headquarters of this very band from whose clutches I have released you. It is there that the British sloop that has captured some of you makes her rendezvous ; and there large quantities of arms and ammunition have been stored. Well, under the cover of this very night, before tidings of the disaster which has befallen Canso can reach there, I propose to attack the place, and, dismantling the fort, to wipe it from off the face of the earth. I say I propose to do this, nay, my men, I should say we, for you yourselves shall have a share in this work."

The huzzas which greeted this announcement from both crew and recruits rang out over the sea, and floated away to the shore, where it must have puzzled greatly the discomfited villagers.

To hide our intentions, should any suspicion of them come to the minds of the dwellers in Canso,

we joined the prize schooner, and sailed with her in our wake down below the cape, where we lay to waiting for nightfall. It was while we were lying there that I learned from the lips of Lieutenant Fanning how our commander obtained information of our whereabouts, and came to our rescue. As I already surmised, the hero of that episode was none other than Anthony Jeremiah.

The lad, on reaching the woods on the day he escaped from the British marines, had lain in hiding until night. Then entering the town, he, at the risk of being recaptured, found out the building we were confined in, and marked its situation with respect to the village and the harbor. Not satisfied with that first night's reconnoiter he sought the cover of the forest for the following day, and returned to the settlement the second evening.

During this period of waiting, though his only bed was the ground, and his only roof was the starlit sky, yet he was not without food. His skill at trapping enabled him to secure both birds and rabbits, which he cooked over a fire kindled by a flint and steel he managed to purloin from an

isolated farmhouse, the first night he crept into the village.

On his second visit, he through a boy on the street, who took him for a native from the interior, learned the number of guards at the jail, and the number and character of its inmates. Ready now for the next step in the plan he had formed at the time of his escape, he went to the shore and searched for a boat large enough to make the trip back to Grand Manan, where he still hoped to intercept the *Providence*. He found several that would suit his purpose, but in every case there were men on board, and he was unable to secure one. Again daylight drove him back to the cover of the woods.

The spot he now chose for his concealment was not far from the place where the British yawls had landed their prisoners at the time of his escape, and, waking towards noon from the nap into which he had fallen, his keen ears detected the sound of oars. Crawling softly through the underbrush to the edge of the forest, he peered forth and saw to his surprise the old Eastport fisherman rowing in towards the shore,

while his sloop lay at anchor no great distance away.

The Indian watched the old man land, and go off towards the jail. Then a great resolve came to him : he would seize the fisher, and go in search of the *Providence*. He knew that the younger owner of the craft might be on board of her, but it would be one man against one man, and he did not fear the outcome.

As soon as the man he was watching disappeared within the jail, therefore, he arose, and walked rapidly down to the dory drawn up on the beach. Pushing it off, he took up an oar, and paddled softly out to the smack. Touching her side lightly, near the bow, he stepped gently on board, and secured the painter of the small boat. Then he glided noiselessly aft, and looked into the open doorway of the cabin. As he had anticipated, the younger fisherman was there, but he was asleep in his bunk. Quietly closing the door and fastening it on the outside, the lad went forward and brought the dory astern. His next act was to weigh the anchor, which he did without noise. To hoist the jib and sail, and head the

craft out of the harbor were now simple affairs, and in five minutes more he was sailing away towards the point.

He listened for the slightest movement in the cabin, but none came, and the farther he went from the shore the broader grew his smile. If the sleeping man would only continue his nap until the boat was well out of the bay, where the sound of the coming struggle would not reach the land, he would then undertake to secure him.

As he turned around the southern arm of the harbor he glanced back, and beheld a man on the shore, making frantic signals for his return.

"Me come back later," he remarked grimly, as the projecting headland shut the gesticulating fisherman from his view.

Fifteen minutes passed away, and then he hove the sloop up into the wind, and tied down the helm. Gently opening the cabin door, he looked cautiously in. His enemy still slept, and, taking two pieces of stout rope in his hand, he crept down to the place where he lay. Once beside the unconscious man, he grasped him by the collar, and jerked him out on to the floor, face down.

Kneeling upon him, he pulled his arms quickly behind his back, and tied them securely before the fellow hardly knew what had happened. Then he turned him over and fastened his feet together.

The young fisherman now recognized him, and with fearful oaths demanded his release.

"Not now, by and by, when me put you on our sloop," Anthony answered. "Keep quiet, me not hurt; make trouble, me throw you overboard."

Placing the bound man where he could watch him through the open door from the helm, he went back to the tiller, released it, and continued his course. All that afternoon and night he sailed to the southwest, and at early dawn ran in with the *Providence*, which, after calling at Eastport, was now cruising around Grand Manan, hoping to learn something of the fate of Midshipman Gardiner and his men.

To Captain Jones he told his story, and drew a rough diagram of Canso jail and its surroundings. Then he said questioningly:

"Now you go, get men?"

The Captain smiled. "I ought to after your brave effort to bring me tidings of them," he answered kindly. "But go and tell Lieutenant Wallingford to send the young fisherman down to me. I have the impression he can throw considerable light on this affair."

Master Jeremiah hastened to give the order, and for an hour the prisoner was closeted with the commander. What persuasive methods the latter made use of to secure the information he sought no one knew, but when he held consultation with his subalterns a little later he knew of the existence of the Tory gang, of the work they had been engaged in, and of the garrison on the Isle of Madame, and had decided to destroy the jail at Canso, to capture the fort, and put an end to the infamous business the band was carrying on.

"How successfully the first part of that plan has been accomplished, you know," the Lieutenant concluded smilingly; "we shall know of the second a litle later."

After listening to this tale I went in search of Anthony, and when I had found him, I told him

how we all appreciated his undertaking in our behalf.

"But for you," I said, "we should now be lying in that jail with the prospect of a worse fate before us, a forced service on a British man-of-war. In this whole affair you have taken the laurel, and we are proud of you."

He may not have understood my classic allusion, but he did the general tenor of my words, and his eyes glistened with pleasure. He merely replied, however :

"Me did right thing."

As dusk came the sails of the sloop were again spread to the breeze, and we began the run across the bay. When near the island the young fisherman was brought up from the hold, and put at the wheel, while an officer with a drawn pistol stood by him with orders to shoot him down at the first sign of treachery. But as he had guided the sloop safely into Canso harbor the night before, so he now took her without injury into a little cove near the island garrison. Here eighty men were landed during the small hours of the morning, and, under the lead of Captain Jones

himself, started across the narrow neck towards the fort. Then the sloop, Lieutenant Wallingford in command, and the young Tory still acting as pilot, ran out of the cove and around to the entrance of the bay on which the fortification was situated, where she lay in wait for any boats or vessels that should attempt to escape when the garrison was attacked.

Just at dawn our land force—for I was with it—reached the huge structure, built of logs and faced on three sides with stones and dirt. The fourth, or rear, side, however, was unprotected save by the half-hewn tree-trunks, and here was the great gate which led into the fortress. Before the entrance a single sentinel paced slowly back and forth; from a staff, rising high above the front bastion, a British flag floated lazily in the morning breeze. These were the only signs of life and occupancy that greeted our eyes, as we halted on the edge of the woods a few rods away, and in subdued tones received from our commander the final orders before our charge was made.

"Now, lads, ready! Go!" Captain Jones sud-

denly said, waving his sword above his head as the signal for the rush.

Like a torrent we poured out into the opening: we were half across it before the guard recovered enough from his surprise to fire his gun in alarm; we were upon him before he could spring within, and close the huge gate; we were inside the fort itself before its half-awakened inmates came pouring out of their barracks. There was a brief struggle, but our men, dividing into squads, carried out their orders promptly, and were in possession of the cannon, the arsenal, and the powder magazine, before the dazed commander could rally his men. Unable even to arm themselves, and knowing their own guns could be turned upon them, the soldiers huddled together like a flock of sheep at the center of the enclosure, and waited for their captain to surrender.

He handed his sword to Captain Jones with as good grace as possible, and amid tremendous hurrahs on our part the flag was run down from the staff, and our own run up in its place. The garrison was ours.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH WE GO ON A DANGEROUS MISSION.

I HAD been assigned to the front parapet, and it was under my direction that the British flag had been lowered, and our own banner hoisted on the staff. As the cheers of my comrades died away on the morning air, I turned and glanced out over the bay. The next instant I gave an exclamation of delight, for there at anchor, and not over a quarter of a mile away, was the British sloop on which I and my squad of men had once been prisoners. I was sure it was she, but to establish the fact beyond all doubt, I called Anthony Jeremiah, who stood near, to my side, and directing his attention to the craft, inquired :

" Do you know that vessel, Anthony ? "

He looked her over a moment, and grinned.

" Me ought to," he said. " You ought to. She captured us."

I gave a nod of assent. Already our huzzas had attracted the attention of her watch, and, as we gazed at her, her commander came up out of the cabin, and crossing over to the nearest railing stared at us through his glass.

"Gaze away, old fellow, we'll soon have you," I commented, and then I sent the Indian down to Captain Jones to apprise him of my discovery.

He was soon at my side, and smiled broadly as his eyes rested on the vessel.

"This is better than I anticipated," he remarked. "She cannot escape us, as our sloop must already be lying off the entrance of the bay. Take a boat, Midshipman Gardiner, and go out and demand her surrender."

A yawl lay drawn up on the beach a few rods below the fort, and taking a half-dozen sailors with me, I went down to it, pushed it off, and, embarking, pulled away towards the vessel. But before I arrived within hailing distance of her, she hoisted sail, slipped her anchor, and started out of the bay. The morning breeze was strong enough to carry her swiftly away from the yawl, so I looked back towards the garrison for directions

"Take a boat, Midshipman Gardiner, and go out and demand the surrender of that sloop-of-war," said Captain Jones. Page 178.
—*In the Track of the Enemy.*

as to my next move. Captain Jones, who was watching me, waved his hand for my return, and then gave his attention to the nearest gun, which had already been manned, and put in a condition for firing.

In another minute there was a puff of smoke, a flash, a roar, and a ball sped through the air towards the runaway. I knew as well as though I stood on the walls of the fort that it was Jack Robinson who had aimed that cannon, for not another one of our gunners could have made so neat a shot with a gun he was unaccustomed to, and in surroundings with which he was not familiar.

The missile went over the stern rail of the sloop, grazed the cabin roof, and buried itself in the mast. For a moment or two the stick stood up against the blow, and then, slowly tottering, it went over the larboard rail with a great crash, carrying its entire canvas with it. In the confusion that followed the vessel broached to, and drifted on to an adjacent reef, where it stuck fast.

This all happened before I reached the shore, and as I stepped out of the yawl, I remarked :

"It looked as though we may be sent out to her after all, my lads."

"If there's anything left of her, sir," one of my men replied. "There comes our sloop into the bay, and between the two fires I reckon they will blow the craft out of the water."

As he spoke a half-dozen guns in the garrison poured their shot into the stranded vessel, and a minute or two later the *Providence* began to fire her bow-chaser at the unlucky sloop.

"They are going to compel her to surrender," I declared.

But I was mistaken. Her Tory commander had no idea of falling into our hands. Ordering out his boats, he and his crew abandoned the vessel, and made for the nearest shore. Captain Jones hurried a squad of men up to the point to intercept if possible their landing, but the distance was too great, and before they arrived there the Tory lieutenant and his men had disappeared into the adjacent forest.

By this time I had reached the fort, and our commander sent me back to the yawl with orders to go across to the point, and direct the officer in

charge of the squad which had been sent over there to remove all valuables from the abandoned sloop, and burn her where she was. My men and I were to remain and assist in the work.

It took us some hours to accomplish the task, and, when we got back to the garrison, we found that its guns, ammunition and stores had been removed to the beach, and the huge structure razed to the ground.

It was a longer job to put the booty we had obtained on board of our sloop, which was brought as close to the shore as the depth of the water would allow for that purpose. In fact the day was drawing to an end when the last article had been shipped, and we were ready to depart.

It was impossible for us to accommodate on board of our vessel the large number of prisoners we had taken, so Captain Jones decided to hold only the officers as hostages and to permit the others to join the crew of the captured sloop in the woods of the island. But though this decision was reached an hour before sundown they were not allowed to depart until the shades of night were falling. To all but four of us—Lieutenant

Fanning, Charley Hill, Nathan Sargent, and myself—this delay was unaccountable. We knew that it was to enable us to carry out a little scheme the Captain had entrusted to our hands.

Soon after our return to the garrison—for we had all been with the party that had stripped and burned the stranded sloop—Captain Jones had called the lieutenant one side and said :

"I have a dangerous mission, perhaps some would call it a foolhardy one, on which I am disposed to send you, sir. In brief it is this : the capture of your namesake, the British officer who escaped to the woods this morning. I would give more to have him confined in the brig of the *Providence* than for all the other hostages we hold. Are you ready to undertake it ?"

The eyes of his subordinate sparkled with a peculiar light.

"You know he is my uncle ?" he questioned with a show of bitterness in his words. Then he added in explanation : "My father is the only patriot in his family. His brothers all sided for the king."

The Captain nodded.

"It is not the only family that has divided its allegiance," he remarked. "I suspected the relationship. But that would not prevent you from making this attempt?"

"Not at all," the subaltern answered. "On the other hand there are reasons why I shall count it a privilege to make the attempt. What is your plan?"

"It is to hold the soldiers we have captured until dark, and then as they are sent away to have you and such comrades as you may select go with them. Dressed like them you can in the dark pass as belonging to their number. It is likely they know where the crew of the sloop is making its rendezvous, and by following them you will find it. Once there you must devise your own way for separating the officer from his men, and capturing him. When he is in your hands bring him to the little cove where we landed our forces this morning. Just at dawn to-morrow we will run in there for you."

"And if we are not there?"

"Twenty-four hours later we will again visit the cove for you."

"In that time we ought to have succeeded in our mission," remarked Lieutenant Fanning thoughtfully. "You say I am to choose my men?"

"Yes, though I would advise you not to take more than six."

"Three beside myself are enough, and I will take Midshipmen Gardiner and Hill and Quartermaster Sargent."

Captain Jones smiled.

"Would not the Indian lad be a good addition? His knowledge of woodcraft would be invaluable."

"True," Master Fanning admitted, "but on the other hand he would be more readily detected than the rest of us. There are no Indians among the British soldiers and the lad's dark features would give him away."

"You are right," the Captain answered decidedly; "and your quick apprehension of that fact shows that you have already mastered the details of the undertaking. It is safe in your hands. Notify the comrades you have selected, and among the stores we have taken from the fort you will

find the clothing you need. At dusk I will send the British soldiers away in small squads. Be prepared to drop in with your men towards the end of the line, and if you manage that without detection I shall have little fear of your being discovered when once under the cover of the forest."

"I think we can promise you a safe return with our prisoner, if not to-morrow morning, certainly by the following one," Lieutenant Fanning declared, shaking hands with his commander; and then he hastened away to find the ones he had suggested as companions in the daring attempt he was to make.

So well did the lieutenant arrange matters, even Captain Jones, who stood close at hand watching the departure of his prisoners did not know just when we slipped away. Keeping the squad ahead of us in sight we went along the shore until we struck a path leading into the woods. Our unsuspecting guides took this, and we followed their example. A half-mile farther on they turned into a trail leading away towards the west, and as this would lead down towards

the quarter in which the crew of the British sloop had disappeared, we gladly followed them.

Before we had gone far in this direction it became too dark to see any object distinctly more than a rod away, and so we quickened our pace and closed up on the men ahead of us. Our movement caused some one behind us to call out :

"Don't go too fast, comrades. We have Billy Darrow with us, and can't keep up with you."

Who Billy Darrow was, and why they on account of him could not keep up with us, we did not know. But the words set us to thinking, and at the next turn in the path our leader stopped us, saying in a low whisper :

"This will never do, lads. If those fellows catch up with us, they will discover we do not belong to their company. We must hide here, and wait for them to pass," and he stepped into the surrounding bushes.

We took our places beside him, and in a few minutes the following squad made the turn, and stopped in front of us.

"Now where have those fellows gone?" a voice said. "Pretty comrades they are not to wait and

show us the way to the huts. How in the world are we going to find them?"

"If it hadn't been for me you might have kept up with them," some one else broke in. "It all comes from my being a cripple."

"Never you mind, Billy; we are not going to desert you if we have to hold on here until morning," a third man said in cheery tones.

"There is a squad behind us. Perhaps some one in that will know the way," Billy Darrow here suggested.

"We'll wait until they come up," was the decision of the first man.

We could already hear them approaching, and it was not long before they were within hailing distance.

"Hello, comrades, do you know the way?" one of the waiting men called out.

"That I do," was the comforting reply. "I can guide you to the clearing though it were twice as dark as it is. We'll be with you in a moment."

Soon the two squads were together, and the first having explained the cause of its delay, they

prepared to go on in each other's company when the cripple spoke up :

"Are there any others behind us, George? If so we had better wait for them. They may not know the way."

"No, we were the last to get away," the man who had promised to guide them answered, and their tramp was resumed.

As soon as they were a safe distance ahead, we followed them. Guided by the sounds they made rather than by sight we kept on until we descended into a narrow valley, through which ran a stream of considerable size. By this the Britishers had halted and we heard the guide say :

" From here any of you ought to find the way. You have only to keep up the bank of the brook, and you can't miss the encampment."

Then he grew talkative and continued :

"It was a lucky thing for us that the captain arranged this retreat in case of need."

"We need it fast enough," some one in the squad declared. " But I'm afraid there won't be huts enough to hold us all now Captain Fanning and his men are there."

"Perhaps not," George admitted. "We'll soon know. But we shan't have to stay here long. The rebel sloop will sail to-night or to-morrow, and we can then send some one over to the mainland for a vessel to take us off."

"But where's the boat?" asked another.

"Down at the mouth of the stream," was the answer. "The captain looked out for that."

"I suppose there is enough food for us all," remarked Billy Darrow. "I remember lots of stores were sent around here to the brook in boats."

"Yes, we were able to take them up to the falls in the skiffs," responded the guide, who seemed to have had a share in preparing the retreat. "Then we carried them up to the clearing above. It wasn't far."

They started on again, and we followed more leisurely since we now knew the way. Soon the sound of falling water reached our ears, and five minutes later we came to a place where the brook leaped down the rocks a distance of twenty-five feet or more. A rude path led up the steep bank,

and as we clambered up, two things—the glimmer of camp-fires and the sound of voices—told us we were near the rendezvous.

We proceeded cautiously, therefore, and, reaching the summit of the bank, caught sight of the encampment through the trees. Leaving the path, and crawling along on our hands and knees under the pines, we came to the edge of the clearing. There we lay flat down on our stomachs and looked about us.

In front of us there was a natural meadow, embracing several acres, and extending apparently to the opposite side of the stream, though of that we could not be quite sure as a mantle of darkness hung over that bank. The one we were on, however, was lighted up by a score or more of huge fires, while behind them there appeared to be ten or twelve log cabins of good size. The woods we were in stretched around in a semicircle until they touched the brook again, and in one place came close down to the huts, a fact we noted with much satisfaction.

Around the fires soldiers and sailors were mingling freely; the latter evidently trying to prove

themselves hospitable hosts towards the more recent comers. Some store-room tents, were being brought out and set up; logs were being dragged from the forest to replenish the fires; pork and fish were being broiled over the hot coals; supper was clearly in preparation; shouts and laughter filled the air. It was apparent that no fear of a lurking foe filled the minds of officers or men.

"I wonder if there are stores enough here to warrant bringing up a force to capture them," Lieutenant Fanning said in my ear, for I was lying close to him. "If I thought so I'd send you down to the cove to tell the Captain to send up the men in the morning."

"I hardly think so," I replied. "You remember that fellow they called George said they probably would not remain here but a few days. I should judge it is nothing more than a temporary camp by that."

"There is plenty of time to decide the matter," he returned, "so we will wait. Something may happen to give us light on the subject."

"We might go around back of those huts," I

suggested. "Once there we may be able to overhear their conversation."

"And locate the man we are seeking," he added. "We'll do it."

He spoke to our comrades, and then stealthily we made our way around to the vicinity of the cabins. Hardly were we there when two men came around the corner of the nearest one, and walked towards the spot where we were concealed, conversing in low tones. When they were within a dozen feet of us, an adjacent fire, supplied with new fuel, blazed up and threw its light full upon their faces. Then we recognized them as Captain Fanning and his fat lieutenant.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH WE MEET AN UGLY NEIGHBOR.

As the light from the fire fell upon them the two men ceased their conversation, and turning around looked back at the encampment. Then the captain said :

"They are having a good time now with their feasting, but a few days on short rations will change their tune. As I was saying : I find a goodly portion of the stores are unfit for use. Between the ravages of the hedgehogs that in some way got into the building, and the dampness and mold, fully one half of our food is gone. There never was over a week's supply for a hundred men. With this reduced one half, and our numbers increased to two hundred, you can figure out for yourself how long the rations will last."

"Cannot we obtain additional supplies from

the settlers over on the other shore?" his companion asked.

"In a limited quantity, perhaps," the first speaker admitted; "but it is hardly fair to impoverish them for our needs. No; the thing to do is to send some word across to the mainland, and have our friends there arrange for a vessel to come to our relief. Now the question is, will you go, or shall I?"

"It is for you to say, sir," the subaltern responded. "I regard myself as still under your command even if the sloop is lost."

"Then I will send you. The boat is hidden in a thicket of hemlocks near the mouth of the brook. Take four men with you, and slip away at your first opportunity. There is no need of telling the camp about it. To-morrow, when I have to put the men on a short allowance, it will ease their disappointment a good deal for me to be able to say you have already gone for help."

"Very well, sir. I'll be off in a few minutes," the lieutenant promised; and then the two men walked back towards the camp-fire.

"That settles the question of stores," our leader

said to us in low tones when the officers were out of hearing. "Now what shall we do? Shall we let those men go on their proposed trip, or try to capture them?"

"What use are they to us?" I asked. "If the captain had only decided to go in the place of his lieutenant we could not have had a better opportunity for seizing him. As it is, why not let them go?"

"I can see no objection to it," Lieutenant Fanning replied; "we don't want them; and we have no reason for interfering with the removal of their comrades to the main shore. It breaks up the Tory nest on this island, and that was what Captain Jones desired. The thing that I now wish to decide is, can we use the departure of these men in any way to help along the purpose for which we have come here to-night?"

"Yes, as a means by which I can get into the camp," Nathan Sargent said promptly.

We all turned toward him, speaking in our excitement louder than we meant to: "In what way?"

"Let us go back farther in the woods while I

make known my plan," he answered. "I'm afraid that you in your excitement will betray our presence here."

We accepted his rebuke good-naturedly, and moved back some rods into the forest. There he made known to us the way in which he believed the departure of the British lieutenant and his men might serve our purpose.

"It is not likely," he began, "that Captain Fanning will, after his officer has left, intentionally leave the camp to-night, so of course we cannot capture him in that way. If we are to accomplish our purpose some one of us must go there, and by some ruse get him into the woods, or near enough to them, for us to seize him without arousing the camp. Am I not right?"

"It looks so," our commander admitted; "but it is a terribly risky movement. I would not dare to try it myself, and so I would not ask either of you, my lads, to do it."

"Of course you would not want to try it," Quartermaster Sargent went on; "neither would Midshipman Hill or Midshipman Gardiner, for all of you would be recognized the moment the British

captain got his eyes on you. But with me it is different. He has never seen me, and I can readily pass myself off as a prisoner who has escaped from the *Providence*."

"Yes," interrupted Charley Hill; "but how is the leaving of the fat lieutenant going to help you?"

"In this way," Master Sargent explained. "Think of me as the prisoner who was allowed to take his half-hour in the open air on the sloop's deck just at nightfall. Watching my opportunity I plunge overboard, and in the bustle connected with the vessel's departure I succeed in reaching the shore. Then I wander through the forest until I run in with the lieutenant and his squad on their way to the boat. I tell them my story, and he directs me up the stream to the encampment, where I am received with open arms by my good Tory brethren. How does that strike you? Is there anything improbable in my tale? Who will there be to dispute my assertions? I'm sure I can be a good Tory long enough to devise some way by which the British commander can become our prey."

"If I were not known to the captain I would not ask a better story with which to enter the British camp," the lieutenant declared emphatically. "I believe you can make it a success."

"I know I can," the quartermaster said quietly.

"But if you escaped from the *Providence* in that way your clothing would be wet, and now it is as dry as a bone," Charley objected.

"There's plenty of water at the falls," Master Sargent remarked drily, "and once I am saturated with it I do not think the Britishers are likely to ask whether it is fresh or salt."

We discussed the matter a little more in detail and arranged that Charley and I should go through the woods to a point where a great log lay parallel with and close to the bushes.

"I'll ask the officer to go over there for a private interview," Nathan explained with a low chuckle.

"And I'll come over where you are as soon as I have seen Master Sargent safely launched on his Tory career," Lieutenant Fanning promised; and then they went off towards the cataract.

Master Hill and I went slowly along to the place

assigned us. It was at the upper end of the clearing, some distance away from the cabins, and under the heavy shadows of the forest, an ideal place for our seizure if the man we sought could be enticed there. But we were where we could not see the entrance of Quartermaster Sargent into the camp, and we knew of his arrival only by the commotion it caused. An hour later, however, our leader joined us, and from him we received a good account of the reception our comrade received. He said :

"We went down to the falls, where we waited until the British lieutenant and his men passed by. After giving them time enough to reach the mouth of the creek, Nathan gave his pistols into my keeping and plunged into the pool. A sorry-looking object he was when, without hat and with disheveled hair, he emerged and started up the bank for the clearing, while I lay there on the edge of the woods watching him. He got halfway to the camp fires before he attracted the attention of any one. Then a soldier saw him and sent up a shout. Soon he was surrounded, and telling his story, though I could not hear a word.

He must have played his part well, for evidently the tale was accepted, since some of the campers hustled him along to the fire to dry himself, while others ran off to tell the captain.

"He was soon at hand, and again the lad must have given a convincing account of himself, for the officer took him to the nearest hut and supplied him with dry clothing; then he was brought out to the fire, where he was eating his supper when I left him to come around here. We can now only await developments."

It was a long waiting. Twice the lieutenant grew impatient, and left us for a point where he could get a front view of the cabins. The first time he reported that the two men in whom we were most interested were still by the camp-fire. The next time that they were nowhere to be seen.

"I fear he has failed to lure the officer this way," he said. "We can do nothing, however, but wait for his coming, for I am certain we shall hear from him after the camp becomes quiet."

Two hours more passed. It must have been midnight or later. The men sought the huts or

tents assigned them. No guard was posted. The fires died away; and still the companion for whom we waited did not come.

"I can bear it no longer," the lieutenant finally declared. "Stay here, lads, while I go around to the rear of the cabins and make a reconnoiter. It may be that our real problem to-night will be the rescue of our comrade."

He had not gone a dozen steps when Charley exclaimed in an excited whisper:

"Hold on, sir! He's coming!"

We looked down the clearing and saw in the dim light of the fires a dark form hastening towards us, and in two minutes more the quartermaster was beside us.

"I failed to entice the Britisher over here," he explained. "He thought the rear of a cabin a better place for our private interview. He was good enough, however, to give me the fat lieutenant's place in the tent he had set up for their own use. I thought he'd talk all night, but at length he went to sleep, and here I am."

"What course of action do you now suggest?" Lieutenant Fanning questioned.

"Why, to go back to the tent and capture the sleeping officer," was the startling answer.

"Is it feasible?" asked our leader.

"Yes," the quartermaster asserted, and then went on to give the details for carrying out the bold attempt. What they were will appear as I go on to tell how we accomplished the deed.

Leading us along until behind the huts, he then conducted us under their shadow to the tent in which Captain Fanning lay. A cautious inspection revealed that the officer was still sleeping soundly.

Then, while Charley and I kept watch, our comrades with drawn pistols crept to the side of the Britisher and awoke him. He opened his eyes to see in the flickering light of a dying campfire two men bending over him and two pistols almost touching his face.

"Do you know me, sir?" our lieutenant asked in a low, stern voice.

"Yes," the surprised man acknowledged.

"Well then, you know that I mean what I say. The first outcry on your part means a bul-

let through your head. Get up and come along with us."

He obeyed sullenly, and we marched him to the woods, and through them to the falls, and down the valley to the shore. From there to the cove where the sloop was to meet us was not a long journey, and an hour before dawn we arrived there.

Our prisoner gave us no trouble, and before sunrise he was safely on board the sloop. Then we, followed by the schooner we had taken at Canso, left the little bay, and continued our course to the northward. Another streak of good fortune must have attended us, for when we had reached the limit of our cruise and turned our prows homeward, we had so many prizes it had reduced the crew of our own sloop to forty-seven men in order to man them.

We created an imposing spectacle with our fleet as we sailed down the coast, keeping off the beaten track of vessels lest we should run in with some of the British frigates frequenting those waters, and which would have been only too glad to rob us of our prey. Off Cape Breton Island

we encountered a northeast storm, and, fearing the vessels might be separated by it, we lay to in a secluded cove until it was over; and so a full month had passed when we found ourselves back in the region of our previous raid.

One evening when we were nearly becalmed off Cape Henlopen, we noticed a fishing smack a mile or two below us, that was trying to work up our way. Not succeeding in this, her skipper got out a boat, and pulled up to the *Providence*. I was acting as the executive of the sloop, for every other commissioned officer except the captain and myself was in charge of a prize, and as the boat approached I hailed it.

"Boat ahoy! What do you want?" I inquired.

"Ahoy there on the *Providence!*" he responded, and resting on his oars. "I wish to see Captain Paul Jones."

I was a little startled to find he knew who we were even to the name of our commander, and deemed it wise to send down into the cabin for that officer. He came promptly on deck in answer to the summons and going over to the railing accosted the fellow:

"So you wish to see me, sir? Well, who are you; and what do you want?"

Dipping his oars the man pulled the light craft up under our side.

"I'm Tom Hewitt, master of the fishing smack *White Wing* over there, and belong to the Cape Breton fishery," he said in low tones, "but I'm no Britisher and no Tory. I don't mind telling you it's a girl that keeps me up here for the present. I've a dad down in Gloucester, however, that is as true to the cause as any of you, and for myself I hope you'll knock the spots clean out of the redcoats. Howsomever, that isn't what I came over here for. I came to tell you that I was in Canso a few days ago and learned that the British frigate *Terror,* thirty-two guns, is on the lookout for you. She's going to blow you out of the water for what you did at Canso and over on the Isle of Madame. When I heard it, I said to myself: 'Captain Jones shall be warned of this as sure as my name is Tom Hewitt.' So soon as I got my bait, I set sail and when once outside I cruised off and on waiting for you to come along so I could tell you."

"It is certainly a great favor you have done me, Captain Hewitt," our commander declared; "and if you will come on board I shall be glad to offer you the very best my vessel affords."

"Thank you kindly," the man replied, "but lest I arouse the suspicion of my crew, who are not all of my mind, I think I had better go back to my smack at once."

"Can you tell me where the *Terror* was the last time she was heard from?" Captain Jones asked.

"I meant to have told you," the fishing skipper replied. "She was off Grand Manan, hoping to intercept you on your return."

"I think now that we know of her whereabouts we shall be able to escape her," Captain Jones remarked confidently.

"I trust so," our informant said, taking up his oars and pulling back towards his own vessel.

I expected Captain Jones would run up a signal for his officers to come on board from their respective prizes, and then would consult with them about the best course to pursue in order to escape the frigate that was looking for us, but he did nothing of the kind. Instead he went back to

his cabin, leaving me, as soon as the breeze stiffened, to follow the course already marked out.

It was not, in fact, until we were abreast of the Mutton Islands on the following day that he let the commanders of the prizes know of the information he had received. Then he called all the prize-masters on board, and gave each a map of the route he was to follow across the Bay of Fundy and down the coast of Maine to Boston. The routes were all different, but the instructions written on each were precisely alike :

An hour after nightfall you are to leave here and follow the route marked out for you, as nearly as circumstances will allow, to your destination. You are to run no risks. You are to take no chances. Your one purpose is to be the delivering of the vessel you command safely in Boston harbor. There you are to await my coming.

(Signed) PAUL JONES,
Commanding the Sloop-of-War *Providence.*

We lay to there off the islands, and watched each vessel as she started off on her course. Not until the last light had disappeared in the darkness did Captain Jones break the silence. Then he said :

"There! they are off, and some of them must surely escape the watching foe. I trust it may prove to be all. We will now proceed on our own course, Master Gardiner. Run a little north-east until on a line that will carry you about twenty miles below Mount Desert island, then sail due west. I think we shall in that way be too far south for the waiting frigate to sight us even in broad daylight. Call me when your watch is up."

The sky was overcast, the wind came in fitful squalls, and, though there was no storm, the night was a dark one. We slipped along through the darkness at a good speed, and when four hours later I turned the vessel over to the Captain we had made excellent progress. At two in the morning I again assumed charge of the deck, and as Captain Jones left me he said:

"There has not been a sign of another sail, and at the speed we are making, we should by daylight be beyond the range of the *Terror*. It looks now as though she will search in vain for her prey."

My confidence was as great as his own, and

you can therefore imagine something of my alarm when, as the first rays of the coming day lighted up the surrounding waters, I discovered there to the north of us, and not over a half-mile away, the British frigate with all canvas set bearing down upon us.

It took but a little time for me to notify our commander of our predicament, and a still briefer moment for him to reach the quarter-deck, but in that time the ship had gained perceptibly upon us. For myself I could see no chance to escape her guns, and as for a battle with her, there could be but one outcome—we should be sent to the bottom. I felt sure, therefore, that the days of our good sloop were numbered, and my fears were shared by every one of the sailors as they were piped to quarters.

Our captain, however, was of an entirely different mind, and began to issue orders that astonished us, but which, when obeyed by us, enabled him to execute as daring and as skilful a maneuver as was ever played on an enemy, and one by which we made good our escape.

The maneuver consisted in clearing to the

windward until the frigate had gained our lee quarter, near enough to open with her port bow-chaser, and then suddenly wearing round off the wind, and running dead to the leeward, while the frigate, endeavoring to box short about, came into the wind, lost steering way, and was taken aback under a press of sail by a squall.

While she was in this condition we crossed her within a half-gunshot on the other tack, and before she could get squared away again, we were out of the reach of her guns and running off before the wind—the sloop's best point of sailing.

But sharp as this trick was we should not have escaped had not the captain of the man-of-war proved to be a bungler. I can give you a better idea of what his mistake was in Captain Jones's own words, as he some days later told of the incident before the members of the Naval Committee, who were in Boston. He said :

" Clearly we should not have escaped, judging by the usual rules of sea-maneuver. If the captain of the frigate, instead of trying to box about as he did in a fresh breeze, had simply followed

my own maneuver of wearing around under an easy helm, I could not have distanced him. But he put his helm the other way to, luffed into the teeth of a little squall, that I saw already cat's-pawing to the windward, and so broke his steering way, got taken aback, and let me have a chance to show him a clean pair of heels on my little sloop's best point of sailing.

"So I got off scot-free, leaving my big adversary to clear away his sheets and reeve preventers at his leisure. Meantime I answered his distant broadsides by now and then a musket-shot from my taffrail by way of derision. The old saying. 'Discretion is the better part of valor,' may in this case be changed to 'Impudence is the better part of discretion.'"

It certainly was a lucky blunder for us, and as we swiftly left the discomfited ship behind our little company broke into hearty cheers. Within an hour we had lost sight of what had threatened to be an ugly neighbor.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH WE BEGIN A NEW CRUISE.

WHEN it was certain that we had made good our escape from the British frigate, Quartermaster Sargent, who was acting as the second officer of the sloop, came up to me.

"That settles it, sir," he said.

"Settles what?" I inquired.

"That our prizes are safe," he answered.

"You think since we fell in with the Britisher ourselves the other vessels must have escaped her?" I questioned to draw him out.

"That's about the size of it," he admitted. "I reason it out this way: the frigate couldn't be in two places at once, and since we met her, the other vessels couldn't have done it. We shall find them safe in Boston, sir."

"It looks that way," I acknowledged. "Of course there are other frigates cruising in these waters, but since they are not looking out special-

ly for our prizes they have at least an even chance to reach port. With you I expect to find them there when we arrive."

"Give us a favorable breeze and that will be in a very few days now, sir," he added confidently.

"Yes, with a favorable breeze," I assented, "but we are not going to have it. There's a storm brewing. The overcast sky, and the fitful gusts we have been having for twelve hours, indicate it. I think it will prove a southeaster."

"You may be right, sir," he replied, going forward to attend to his duties.

Before noon it was clear I had not misinterpreted the weather signs, for the wind had hauled into the southeast, and was blowing heavily, while the clouds had thickened, and, hanging low, seemed about ready to empty their contents upon us.

For a time we staggered along our course under reefed sail, and then the Captain gave orders to wear around and run off before the gale.

We made the coast of Maine before dark, and running into the Penobscot, rounded Owl's Head, and anchored under its north shore. This took

us out of the heavy wind and sea, and enabled us to ride out the night in comparatively quiet waters. At dawn the storm still raged, and we therefore continued to hold our anchorage. In the middle of the afternoon, however, the storm broke, and we were about to resume our homeward course, when the lookout reported a signal from the shore. So the boat was ordered out, and I was sent in command of her to ascertain what was wanted. As we approached the beach I saw that it was a negro of uncertain age who was waving the bit of white cloth, and wondering what he wanted, I bade my men rest on their oars, and was about to hail him, when a tall, slim white man, in the dress of a well-to-do gentleman, stepped out of the adjacent forest, and called out:

"Hey there! Is that the sloop of war *Providence* off yonder?"

"Yes, sir," I responded.

"Is her captain, Master Paul Jones, on board?"

"He is," I admitted, knowing of no good reason why I should deny the fact.

"Will you take out this letter to him?" he asked, holding up the missive.

"Certainly, sir," I replied, and told my men to pull in shore.

As the yawl touched the beach I leaped out, and going towards the gentleman held out my hand for the note.

"You will deliver it to Captain Jones, and to him only?" he questioned, looking me sharply over.

"Have no fears, sir; I will put the communication directly into the Captain's hands," I said.

He still hesitated, and I had time to study his face. He was smoothly shaven, and every feature came out prominently. His eyes expressed cunning, his mouth firmness, his whole face craftiness and deceit. I felt instinctively he was a man to be feared and distrusted.

"The missive is sealed," he muttered, though loud enough for me to hear; "he can't make out its contents;" and then he handed the letter to me.

I was a trifle nettled by the insinuation his mutterings implied, and retorted:

"If you are so afraid to intrust your note to me, why not go off to the sloop and deliver it to Captain Jones yourself? I will take you out there safely, and return you as safely to the shore."

"No, no," he quickly answered. "I'm afraid of the water. It always makes me sick to go upon it. Tell your captain that this is the reason I did not visit him in person. Here is the letter, sir."

I took it, but delayed my going to ask:

"Will you await an answer here, sir?"

"I will wait Captain Jones's coming," he replied somewhat haughtily.

"Very well, sir," I said, and entering my boat I gave my men orders to return to the sloop.

Captain Jones was on the deck when I reached the vessel, and took the sealed packet from my hand with some show of curiosity, but without opening it he descended to his cabin. Five minutes later he sent for me.

"What do you make of that, Midshipman Gardiner?" he asked pushing the letter he had received towards me. Picking it up I read:

CAPTAIN PAUL JONES,

Most Honored Sir :—

I beg you to come on shore and visit my house, where I shall be pleased to entertain you with the best my humble dwelling affords. I have heard of your daring exploits at Canso and the Isle of Madame. I glory in your triumphs. I desire to show you my great appreciation of your distinguished deeds. More than this : I desire to make known to you a plan by which you may render great service to the cause, and achieve even greater glory for yourself. Please do me the honor of accepting this invitation. I will await your coming.

I have the privilege of being your most obedient servant,

JAMES HILTON.

I read the missive twice, and then said slowly :

"I do not know what to make of it, sir. It may be all right."

"*It may be*," he repeated after me with emphasis, "but you have your doubts about it. What are they ?"

"He seems to be willing to have you in his power, but as unwilling to place himself in yours," I replied.

"What do you mean by that ?" he inquired.

I explained how I had invited this Master Hilton to come on board the sloop, and the reason he had given for not doing so.

"And you do not think that reason sound?" he asked with a smile.

"No, sir, I do not," I declared. "The man looks to me like one who would neither be afraid of water or fire if he could accomplish his purpose."

Captain Jones was silent for a moment, as though weighing carefully what I had said. Then he remarked quietly :

"I agree with you, without having seen the man. This is a trap to catch me, and possibly to keep the sloop here until she can be caught. It is evident that my raids have been reported in every Tory nest along the coast, and they are all on the lookout for me, and will capture me if they can. And mark! in order to ferret this thing out I am going to play the innocent, and fall into this fellow's trap, but I shall depend on you to get me out."

Though a little startled by this announcement, I waited for him to tell me my part in the plan. His explanation took the form of two orders.

"Tell Quartermaster Sargent to order out my gig, and set me ashore. In a half-hour you are to take twenty armed men and follow me. Let Anthony Jeremiah be one of the number, and he will be able to follow the trail I shall take care to leave behind me. When I am located, you must use your own judgment, and rescue me when convinced I need rescuing. I will give Master Sargent all necessary orders about caring for the sloop until we return," and he nodded his head in token that our interview was at an end.

I knew it would not be wise to make any signs of landing an armed force while Master Hilton and his negro were on the beach, and so waited until Quartermaster Sargent had put the captain on shore, and returned to the vessel, before I began my preparations. Then I so timed myself that just thirty minutes after our commander reached the point I was there with twenty stalwart sailors prepared to follow him.

I had already made known to Anthony Jeremiah the part he was expected to play in our movements, and the moment I motioned him to take the lead of our party, he promptly obeyed.

It was not an easy matter to trace the footsteps of the three men we were to follow on that rocky beach ; it was even harder when we entered the forest, where the thick undergrowth covered the ground ; but the Indian hastened along at a pace we found it difficult to follow, and yet, like him, go noiselessly. Soon he led us into a small clearing, where it was evident three horses had been tethered.

"Ugh ! rode from here," he ejaculated. "May be good ways to go. Come."

He led us off to the west, and along a narrow path, evidently not much used. For a mile we went in this direction, and then came out into a regular roadway, running north and south. The bed was much traveled, and I did not see how Master Jeremiah was going to tell in which direction the horses had gone. But without hesitation he turned to the south, saying :

"Went this way."

Three miles down the road it forked, a less traveled branch going off to the right, and this Anthony took.

"How do you know they went this way ?" I

asked, to satisfy my own curiosity rather than from any doubt about the correctness of his decision.

For answer he stopped, and pointed at a bush on our left just at the turn of the road, and I now noticed that one of its twigs had been broken off. He then bent down, and, picking up the broken piece from the ground, placed it in my hand. I saw it was perfectly fresh, indicating it had been severed from the branch but a few minutes before.

"Captain did it," he exclaimed; "has done it eight, ten times."

"I declare!" I exclaimed enthusiastically; "and you have noticed them all?"

He nodded.

"First one at beach, where enter wood. Me knew what it meant, now look for him, see it all the way."

I understood, and determined to watch out for these signs myself; but scrutinize the bushes as I would I did not detect another broken branch until we had gone a mile. Proud of my discovery I called the Indian's attention to it. He shook his head.

"Captain no break it," he declared. "Horse bit it off as he stop to walk up hill—negro's horse. He behind others."

"How do you know?" I asked in amaze ment.

"Ride this way," he exclaimed; "Captain left, white man right, side and side, negro behind. Captain break twigs left hand, always on left side."

"Have you seen any breaks made by him since we left the turn?" I now inquired, not more than half convinced he was right.

"Four," he answered; "there one," and lifting my eyes a little to the spot he pointed out I now saw where a twig had been plucked from its branch, though I am sure I should never have detected it without the Indian's help.

"I give up, Anthony," I said. "If you now say they went through a ledge in single file, or all abreast, I'm prepared to accept it as a fact. Lead on!"

He smiled, and hastened on up the road for perhaps fifteen minutes, then he suddenly stopped.

"House near—you—me—better go ahead," he suggested.

Directing my men to conceal themselves in the woods, and await some word from me, I then followed Master Jeremiah up the path. We soon came to the end of the forest, and there in plain sight, and surrounded by broad fields which stretched away for some distance, was a spacious dwelling. A single glance showed us that it was Master Hilton's home, for he was himself in the yard, directing his servants in the care of a party of horsemen who had just ridden up to the house from the opposite direction.

This convinced me that there were two avenues to the house to be watched over instead of one, and sending the Indian back for my men, I, on their arrival, stationed twelve of them so as to guard the approach to, and watch over, the mansion from that side. Then with the others, including Anthony, whose help I regarded of too great value to lose even for a brief time, I worked my way around to the west side of the estate. We were not able to get so close to the dwelling from that quarter, but were near enough to see

that the arriving guests had been taken into the house, and their animals sent to the stable. We could also detected the signs of preparation for a large feast.

The thought came to me while watching there that possibly Captain Jones and myself had been mistaken in our interpretation of Master Hilton's character and invitation. But if so, our presence could do no harm; while if our surmises were correct we were there in sufficient force to prevent the abduction of our commander. I waited therefore anxiously for the darkness to come, that I might creep up to the dwelling and learn if possible the real character of its inmates.

It really would not have been long to wait, for the short autumn afternoon was fast coming to a close; but in ten minutes a circumstance happened which gave me the information I desired, and suggested the plan of action I afterwards carried out. This was the coming of a horseman down the lane from the house towards us. It was the negro who had accompanied Master Hilton to the beach, and confident that he was carrying a message to some one, I arranged to inter-

cept him. In the edge of the woods, out of sight of the house, we held him up, and when he found himself surrounded by armed men, he blurted out :

"You jess let dis nigger go, Massa, an' he'll gib you de message he's got for Capt'n Haley."

"Hand it over, and though we detain you until we go back to the sloop, no harm shall come to you," I promised.

He produced a letter from his coat pocket addressed to Captain Andrew Haley, on board of the British frigate *Tempest*, off St. George, and breaking its seal I read in the dim light :

My Dear Captain :—

We have the traitor Paul Jones at last. This morning his sloop was discovered inside of Owl's Head riding out the storm. I hastened to the shore, and, pretending to be one of his sort, invited him to come and dine with me. He fell into the trap, and accompanied me home. Mean time I had sent out notice, and now six good men, tried and true, are here to help me hold the wanton pilferer. When he retires an armed guard will be placed at his door, and outside his windows, and he cannot escape us. If you will on receipt of this, first : hasten to the north side

of Owl's Head you will entrap his vessel. With the leaders in our hands the sloop should be an easy prey for you. Secondly, the vessel once in your possession, send up a squad for the doughty Captain, whom we will gladly deliver into your hands, with this stipulation : that you string him up to the nearest yardarm.

Yours in behalf of the King,

JAMES HILTON.

I smiled as I read the fiery epistle, and formed then and there my plan. As soon as it was dark enough for our movements to be unobserved I sent one of my men around to the other portion of my squad with instructions to close up and guard the south and east sides of the house. Then I tore a leaf from a note-book I carried and writing a few lines upon it, enclosed it within the letter to Captain Haley. Reversing the wrapper, so as to give me a clean surface, I put both communications inside, and sealed it with some gum from a neighboring pine. Directing it to Captain Jones I was ready for the game I proposed to play.

Followed by my men I now went noiselessly across the open fields, and placed them on the west and north ends of the dwelling. When the

lads were in position I passed quietly around to the other sides to find that the second party had come up, and was ready to act at a given signal. All was now complete for my part in the scheme.

Creeping over to the house I glanced in at a brilliantly lighted window. It was, as I expected, the dining-room, and there about the table sat eight men feasting and drinking. Master Hilton as became the host, was at the head, Captain Jones had the place of honor at his right, while the other men were distributed up and down the festive board. If the Captain still suspected the character of his comrades, he was playing his part well. To all appearances he was in the midst of his friends.

Below me was a second window, and a few feet beyond that a door opening directly into the dining-hall. Walking boldly over to this I knocked loudly. The talking and laughter suddenly ceased, as a servant opened the door at the bidding of her master. In tones loud enough to be heard by all I announced:

"Here is a letter for Captain Jones. Please give it to him at once."

The negress took the letter and closed the door. Stepping near the adjacent window I could see the looks of surprise on the faces of the Tories as the woman, at a sign from her master who, since the Captain knew the letter belonged to him, did not dare take any other course placed the missive in the officer's hand.

With a polite, "I will look at this at once with your permission," to his host, Captain Jones tore off the wrapper and read both communications. Not a muscle of his face changed as he laid the papers beside his plate and remarked :

"It is a matter that may wait a while, Master Hilton. Let us go on with our feasting. In fact I propose the health of General George Washington, the commander-in-chief of our army. May he win every battle in which he engages. Rise all and drink with me."

He leaped to his feet. Host and guests with evident reluctance followed. The glasses were drained, and the chairs resumed by all but the Captain, who at that moment whipped out a pair of pistols from his coat-pockets, and now covered the table. For an instant he so held his startled

comrades, and then shoving the letter I had taken from the negro towards his host with the muzzle of one of his weapons, while he pointed the other at his head he cried out in stentorian tones :

"Read that communication, sir. Read it aloud, or I'll put a bullet through your head."

In trembling tones the Tory obeyed amid a silence that was oppressive.

"Now read that," the captain commanded, pushing the note I had written towards the discomfited man as he had the former one. "Read that also aloud to your guests."

Slowly the words came out, while every face at the table blanched as they were spoken :

Captain Jones :—

The force you ordered is about the house. Every door and window and road are guarded. We will enter at your command.

(Signed) Gardiner, Commanding.

As the last word was uttered our commander remarked quietly :

"Master Hilton, who is the dupe now? I assure you I saw through your little plot from the first, and have arranged quarters for you and

your guests on my sloop." Then raising his voice he called out:

"Bring in ten men, Master Gardiner."

Promptly we obeyed, and without a struggle made the Tories our prisoners.

"One thing more, Master Hilton," Captain Jones now said: "I noticed a secretary in the adjoining room, and shall have to ask you to allow me to look over its contents."

Nodding to me, we marched the speechless man into the next room, and opened the desk. Glancing rapidly over the papers, while I guarded the the prisoner, the Captain at length exclaimed:

"I have it!" and held up what appeared to be a long list of names. "I was confident," he continued, and addressing the Tory, "that you would have the addresses of all your associates along the Maine coast. This is the chief reason why I came here. The authorities in Boston will know what to do when I place this paper in their hands."

Then to me he said: "Call in your men. Take your prisoners. We will go back to the sloop."

In two hours we were back on board, our anchor weighed, and the vessel heading out of the bay.

Three days later, without special incident, we sailed into Boston harbor, to find that every one of our prize ships had arrived there before us.

The first thing we noticed, after our anchor was down, was the ship *Alfred* moored but a short distance away, and before the day was over we knew why she was there. In fact a package, sent on board by the Continental Navy Committee as soon as our arrival was reported, contained two important announcements. First, that a captain's commission had been given our intrepid commander; and secondly, that he was to take immediate charge of the *Alfred* and begin another cruise with the *Providence* as a consort.

A few busy days followed, in which crews were adjusted, and stores taken on board, and then one bright morning the *Alfred*, carrying one hundred and forty men and twenty-four guns, and the *Providence*, having sixty men and her old armament, left the harbor, and turned their bows to the northward for a cruise of only thirty-three days, yet destined to have a success unparalleled in naval history.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH WE LEARN THE REASON FOR OUR SECOND CRUISE.

THE day before our new cruise began Charley Hill and I sat on the taffrail of the sloop discussing the question of our assignments. I had expressed the wish that Lieutenant Fanning might be put in charge of the *Providence*, and that we—Charley and I—might be given berths with him.

"It would be fine," my comrade admitted enthusiastically, "but it is not likely. If Lieutenant Fanning is made second officer it is about all he can expect, not but he deserves a great deal more, but there are men older in the commission who must be provided for."

"But what do you think we will get?" I questioned.

"It is hard to tell," he replied thoughtfully. "What troubles me is, I fear we will be separated."

"One of us to go on the ship and the other to remain here on the *Providence*?" I queried.

"Yes; but which it will be I do not know," he responded. "It depends largely on the number of new officers we are to have. But I'd rather have a less important place and share the mess with you."

"So had I," I acknowledged heartily. "But see, there comes Lieutenant Fanning now. He has been over to the *Alfred*. Perhaps he will know what the arrangements are to be."

We went along to the starboard rail, and waited for the officer. He saw our questioning looks as he mounted to the deck, and, after greeting us, added:

"The assignments are out, lads. I am going to post them."

We followed him over to the board and read the list with rising interest. Several shipmates had already joined us, and the comments flew thick and fast.

"Lieutenant Fanning is to remain on the sloop as second officer, Charley," I exclaimed; "and you are also, as senior midshipman."

"And you are to go to the *Alfred* as senior midshipman there," he retorted. "It gives us the same place and rank in our respective vessels, and would be fine but for our separation," and he gave a grimace of dislike.

"I go along with you, Midshipman Gardiner," Nathan Sargent, who was behind me, now announced.

"So you do," I assented, "and as chief quartermaster. That is good; I congratulate you."

"The assignments as a whole are very fair," Lieutenant Fanning remarked as he turned away. "Of course there are some things we should have preferred, such as not parting with you," and he laid his hand on my shoulder, "but it is clearly evident that our captain has tried to arrange our berths so that in nearly every case there has been a promotion."

I studied the list anew from this standpoint, and turned away from the board quite contented. As the lieutenant had suggested, nearly all of the old officers of the sloop had been moved up a step. My position as the senior midshipman on the ship practically advanced me to the rank of a third

lieutenant, though I did not hold that commission or receive that pay. I recognized that it was an advantage also to be assigned to the larger vessel and to be a part of a larger crew. Our chances for securing prizes, and even for a brush with a frigate (a thing I greatly desired) were enhanced by this circumstance. So I had reason to be contented with the place assigned me.

The same thing was also true of my best friends, Lieutenant Fanning and Midshipman Hill. The former in receiving the berth of second officer on the sloop moved up one step in rank, while the latter by virtue of his commission would serve as the third officer, a place he could not have held had I not been sent over to the ship. So, while grieving over our separation, for we had been together ever since we entered the Continental service, I could not help rejoicing over their good fortune in the matter of assignment. I was unselfish enough, moreover, to hope that a goodly share of the prizes we might take would fall to their lot.

Almost immediately it began to look as though the lion's share was going to fall to them. We had not been out three days when the sloop,

which was cruising five miles to the eastward of us, sighted a craft off her starboard quarter. She signaled us, and, since she was so much nearer the sail than ourselves, received orders to overhaul the approaching vessel, while we stood off and on to help her if she needed our assistance.

We got near enough to see that the stranger was a large brig, flying the British flag, and carrying a large crew and a half-dozen guns. We thought, therefore, she might show fight, and watched her through our glasses with much interest.

Quickly the *Providence* ran her down, and sent a shot across her bow.

"Will she heave to, run, or fight?" I asked of Quartermaster Sargent, who was near me.

"Who can tell?" he answered. "Britishers do some very foolish things, and she may try her metal with the sloop."

"By her glass she ought to make us out, and that may teach her wisdom," I suggested.

"Possibly," he assented; "anyway there she is heaving up into the wind, and the *Providence* is getting out a yawl to board her."

He was right, and looking through my glass I followed the boat as she went over to the brig. I was quite sure it was Charley Hill in charge of her, though the distance was too great for me to be positive. Whoever he was, he mounted to her deck, and parleyed for some time with her skipper. Then he called his men on board, and taking command of her ran over to the sloop. Evidently he reported who and what she was from her deck, and received orders to come on and report to Captain Jones, for he immediately cleared away and sailed up to meet us.

A cable's length away he hove to, and getting out his boat crossed over to the ship. I was near at hand when he swung himself up to our deck, and with a pardonable pride evinced in every step, approached our commander. Saluting, he said :

" Sir, I have the honor to report the capture of the British brig *Dolphin*, bound from the West Indies to Halifax with a cargo of sugar and molasses. She carries six guns and a crew of twenty men. Here are her papers."

" I congratulate you, Midshipman Hill, on your

success," our commander answered, "and will ask you to wait a few minutes until I have looked over the documents. I will then give you further directions," and bowing politely he went to his cabin.

Then I got possession of Charley and kept him busy telling me about his trip to the Britisher, and his reception on board of her, until the Captain sent for him.

"It was a tame affair," he said. "As you know our first gun brought the vessel to, and I almost tumbled over myself when I was ordered to board her, for I had thought sure it would be Lieutenant Fanning who would take charge of the boat. Well, we ran over to her, and I mounted to her deck to meet the fattest, jolliest skipper I ever saw in my life. He seemed to take the whole matter as a joke. When I told him who I was, and that I should like to see his papers, he grinned from ear to ear.

"'Certainly, my darling,' he said. 'Come right down into the cabin and get them yourself.'

"Once there I knew why he had shown no

fight. There on a sofa lay a thin, pale, but beautiful woman, while a two-year old girl, the very picture of the mother, was playing on the floor at her feet.

"'My wife and child, Midshipman Hill,' he said proudly; 'and you can have the brig and everything but them.'

"The lady smiled pleasantly, asking: 'Will you kindly excuse me from rising, sir? I am not well.'

"I assured her I would not disturb her in the least, and was going to turn to the captain for the papers he was already holding out to me, when that midget on the floor sprang into my arms, threw her little arms about my neck, kissed me, and said: 'Me love oo, boy; me love oo.'

"I tell you it was most too much for me. Could I have had my way, I guess I should have told the captain he was at liberty to go where he pleased. But I finally mastered my feelings, and taking the papers looked them over. Then I said honestly:

"'I am sorry, sir, but I must take possession of your vessel in the name of the Colonies."

"'Pooh! Pooh!' he replied. 'It's only the fortune of war. I don't feel very bad about it;' and as I started up the companion-way he poked me in the ribs, asking:

"'Are all your officers as good-natured as you? If so I'd like to get acquainted with them.'

"Reaching the deck I called my men on board, took the yawl in tow, and sailed over to the sloop. When I gave my report I was ordered over here, and here I am."

We fell to discussing his prospects of being put in permanent command of the prize, but had come to no conclusion, when he was called to the cabin. Fifteen minutes later he emerged with a smiling face, and we soon knew the reason for it. He had been given charge of the *Dolphin*, and since she carried six guns, he was to have a crew of twenty-five men, furnished from our crew on the ground that we could spare them better than our consort, and to be allowed to search for prizes. The course hitherto sailed by the *Providence* was moreover assigned to him, while she was given a new position a few miles beyond the brig. So we now had three vessels, sweeping a

path of the sea fifteen miles wide, and increasing our possibility of securing prizes several times over.

I saw Charley just a moment before he left the ship, and he whispered in my ear :

" Three cheers for the new auxiliary ! I'll capture a prize with her if I have any show of luck."

He was indeed to have his turn, but not until the *Alfred* had secured a vessel. This happened the very next day, and though only a Province schooner, with a load of salted fish for Jamaica, it did not detract from the fact that our ship was also a prize-winner. Quartermaster Sargent was put in command of her with a crew also taken entirely from our number, and ordered to follow in our wake.

Then a week passed without incident, and we had reached the vicinity of Sable Island. Here a heavy night fog shut us in, and compelled us to drift with the tides. In this way our little fleet became separated, and when about noon the following day we again sighted the *Dolphin*, we found her escorting a ship larger than herself, with which she had divided her crew. We ran down to meet her, and when well up with her,

Midshipman Hill came on board with his report. Substantially it was as follows :

"Like the rest of you we had to drift in the fog, and my only care was to keep clear of all reefs and shoals. When morning came and the fog lifted, I was surprised to see a ship lying not over a half-mile off my leeward. A careful inspection of the stranger convinced me that, while she might have a crew nearly as large as my own, she was not so well armed. Here was the very opportunity I had craved, and I determined to attack her. A slight breeze was already stirring, and piping all hands on deck, and running all my guns to the starboard, I headed for the craft, intending to give her a broadside.

But her half-awake captain, on emerging from his cabin and noticing my warlike attitude, struck his colors. I boarded her to find she was the *Elizabeth*, from Liverpool for St. John, with a cargo of general merchandise. Putting twelve of my men on her, I started off in search of my consorts, and glad enough was I when I sighted the *Alfred*."

An inventory of the ship's cargo revealed that

she was the most valuable prize we had picked up since we left port, and I did not blame Charley for feeling elated over his good luck.

The *Providence* hove in sight a half-hour later, and calling her into close quarters Captain Jones consulted with her commander about what disposition to make of the three prizes. It was finally decided to send them into port.

Lieutenant Fanning was put in command of the *Dolphin,* which was to act as an armed escort for the other vessels. Charley Hill was transferred to the ship he had captured, while Quartermaster Sargent was left in charge of the fish schooner. Fifteen men were drawn from the *Providence* as a crew for the last prize; her temporary crew was returned to the *Dolphin,* leaving that twenty-five strong, and a few additional men were sent from the *Alfred* to the schooner.

As Midshipman Hill was about to leave the *Dolphin,* her old skipper, who had been allowed to remain on her with his wife and child, came to him asking:

"May I have a word with you, sir?"

"Certainly," the young officer replied.

"I suppose I am to go into port with my vessel?" he began.

"I believe that is the arrangement, sir."

"May I then, before you turn the brig over to her new commander, state my case? I don't own a dollar in this vessel or her cargo. I was hired to take the *Dolphin* from England to Jamaica, and there took on the cargo for Halifax. While I should have tried to run her safely to that port, and then home to her owners, I was not sorry that she was captured, for my sympathies are with the colonists. I am glad to hear you say they have declared their independence, and I'm ready to take my oath of allegiance, and fight in her navy or army, as I may be given the chance. Let me once put my wife and child in a comfortable home on shore, and I'll prove my words by enlisting."

"I am glad to learn of this, sir," Charley answered, "and I believe you are sincere. I will report the matter to Captain Jones, and you may be sure he will deal squarely with you."

So the lad came over to the *Alfred* and stated the case to our commander, who sent for Captain Lawrence himself, and had a long interview with

him. The result was that he and his family were sent as passengers to Boston, where a full report of his wishes was presented to the Naval Committee. Though it is a matter of later record, I am glad to say here he was given a place in the navy, and did good service for the cause.

This matter once attended to, our prizes cleared away for the southwest, while the ship and her consort continued their cruise towards the Newfoundland coast.

Ever since we left Boston there had been an impression on the part of the crews of both vessels that we were sent out on a definite mission, but no one knew just what it was. As we sighted the southern headlands of Newfoundland, however, we found out. The *Providence* was brought alongside the *Alfred*, both crews were piped amidships, and addressed by Captain Jones.

"Shipmates," he said. "I wish to give you tidings which will fill you with animation and expectation. The Naval Committee received notice through their secret agents in Europe that two ships, the *Biddeford* and the *Mellish*, were to sail from Southampton early this month, one

for Quebec, the other for New York, loaded heavily with quartermaster supplies for the British troops.

"Of course so valuable storeships were not to be sent across the ocean without proper protection, and escorting them is the frigate *Milford*, carrying thirty-two guns. We are up here to intercept and take those storeships from their convoy. How long we shall have to wait, and how hard we shall have to fight, to secure them, no one can tell. But, my lads, those ships must not escape us. Think what their cargoes will mean to our own army. We must have them, or be sent ourselves to the bottom of the sea.

"Now that you know why we are here I shall expect every man to be on the alert, and, when the crisis comes, every man to do his duty. Vigilance and obedience are the two things I expect of you, and I know I shall have them."

"Aye! aye! sir!" was the deafening shout of both crews, and then we were piped to our stations, and the two vessels swung apart to resume their voyage to Cape Race, where they took up their self-appointed vigil.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH WE MAKE A RICH HAUL.

For ten days we cruised off and on there, picking up two valuable prizes while we waited, but seeing nothing of the vessels we were especially looking for. On the morning of the eleventh day there came a decided change in the weather. At an early hour the sky became overcast, a stiff wind set in from the northeast, particles of sleet and snow drifted through the air, an ugly chill cut through heavy coats and mufflers, the very atmosphere was depressing.

"We are going to get a hard storm, Midshipman Gardiner," Lieutenant Wallingford said to me as we met amidships.

"It looks that way, sir," I assented. "I should say we were in for a week's gale, one that will scatter our fleet and prevent us from keeping a lookout for the storeships."

"If they are anywhere near us, the storm will

affect them as well as us," he responded cheerfully. "We may pick them up later. We will hope so at any rate."

I shook my head doubtfully. "You must admit, sir, that it will lessen our chances of seeing them. I confess I am growing dubious about our falling in with them anyway."

He smiled. "It's the weather, Master Gardiner. It is making you blue. Why, I was talking with the Captain not over a half-hour ago and he says —'Storm or no storm, those storeships will be taken.' Let us aim to have his faith."

"I'll try, sir," I promised, but I fear unbelief still tugged stoutly at my heart-strings.

"Set the signal for each vessel to look out for herself, but to work back here after the gale," he directed, going back to the quarter-deck.

I obeyed, and within two hours we were alone, at least as far as we could see, and battling with as blinding a snow-storm as I ever faced in my life. All efforts to keep up before it were unavailing, and at length fearing lest we should be driven ashore, our commander gave orders for us to run out to sea.

For forty-eight hours with little cessation the snow fell, and when that stopped there was no abatement in the force of the wind, and it was not until the morning of the fourth day that the wind changed and the sky cleared.

As we crept back towards our former position off the cape, our entire ship's company, with possibly the exception of our captain, was a blue and disappointed set, for we counted that the duration of the storm, and our long distance off the coast, had cheated us out of our prey. But within twenty-four hours we knew that the very gale had been a blessing in disguise, a special Providence to throw the British storeships into our hands without our fighting for them.

The evidence of this Divine favor began before noon, when our lookout at the masthead announced that he had sighted a large ship away off at the eastward, which was working up towards us. The Captain took his glass, and clambering into the rigging took a good look at her. Then he hastened down, and called out sharply to his executive :

"About ship, Master Wallingford. Put her

head east by south, and clap on every stitch of canvas she can carry. Report to me when near enough to send a shot after the stranger," and he went down to his cabin.

I was soon able to make out the approaching vessel with my own glass from our bow. She was a large one, and heavily loaded, but she was all alone. If one of the storeships, why was this? I puzzled over the matter until Lieutenant Havens, our second officer, joined me.

"If that is one of the storeships," I began, "Why do you suppose she is coming from that quarter, and alone? Where are her consorts?"

"Scattered as are our own," he answered. "Like our vessels, each had to look out for herself, and run away before the storm. If we can pick them up one at a time, it is going to simplify matters for us."

We watched the ship as she still came on without hesitation towards us. She must have sighted us long before, yet she made no attempt to avoid us; I could account for this only by supposing that she mistook our character, and turning again to the lieutenant I remarked:

"She is not afraid of us. It must be she has taken us for the *Milford*."

"A very natural mistake, since we are flying no flag, and she knows of no other frigate in these waters," he returned. "It will enable us to get close upon her before we need to fire a gun."

When we were near enough to reach her with our Long Tom, word was sent down to Captain Jones, who came promptly on deck. Glancing towards the vessel he took in the situation, and with considerable amusement remarked to Master Wallingford :

"Round up under her stern, sir, and hail her. Be ready to rake her from aft to bow if she does not surrender."

Something in our maneuver may have struck her commander as peculiar, for he now sheered away as though he, for the first time, was in doubt as to our character. Noticing this action, Captain Jones said :

"He suspects us, and may as well know now as later who we are. Send a shot under his bow, Lieutenant Wallingford."

"Aye, aye, sir!" his executive replied, and passed the order down to the captain of our bow-chaser.

"Boom!" went the gun, and the ball skipped down across the ship's bow in a spiteful manner.

Convinced now of his mistake, the British captain wore around, and, crowding on every rag of sail, started off before the wind, evidently the craft's best point of sailing.

Knowing the *Alfred* herself was but a dull sailer, I exclaimed to Midshipman Grey, who was near me:

"I wish the *Providence* were here. She'd soon overhaul yonder ship. But as it is I fear she will soon shake us off."

"She is too heavily laden for that, I think, sir," he responded. "But we shall soon know."

It took us a half-hour to settle the question, however, and I wondered our commander did not shoot away some of the runaway's spars as he might easily have done. I found out later why he refrained from that act: Confident he could overhauled her, he desired to capture her with her sailing qualities unimpaired. He was fore-

sighted enough to understand that, if the *Milford* should discover us and give chase, the prospects of our getting away with the storeship might depend upon her having every spar in place.

But in the half-hour already alluded to I became convinced we were slowly gaining on the vessel and so was able to curb my impatience. For two hours the chase went on, and then we were where we could pour a broadside into her, and gave her a gentle reminder by sending a single shot under her taffrail. She took the hint, and luffing to, surrendered.

I was sent over to her, and returned in quick order to inform Captain Jones that she was the *Mellish*, bound for New York. All that afternoon we were listing her cargo, and never was there a prouder lad than I when I turned in the totals to our commander. There were :

Ten thousand uniforms, including cloaks, greatcoats, boots, socks, and woolen shirts.

Seven thousand blankets.

Fourteen hundred tents.

Six hundred saddles.

One million, seven hundred thousand rounds of ammunition.

Forty cases of surgical instruments.

A large quantity of medical stores, and an immense amount of general stores.

I say I was a proud lad when I gave in this manifest, for no one knew better than I that these supplies were priceless and unattainable in any other way.

We guarded our prize carefully through the following night, and early the next day Lieutenant Wallingford with twenty-five men was put on board, and in close company we worked up towards the cape, looking for our consort and the two prizes we had secured before the storm. In a few hours the prizes hove in sight, and came down to us. They reported that, soon after separating from us, they had managed to crawl up into Trepassey bay, where they had outridden the gale. The previous day they had made the cape again, but not finding us, had sailed off to the southeast, thinking we had been driven in that direction, and so overhauled us.

"If we can now find the sloop uninjured, we

may count ourselves fortunate indeed," Lieutenant Havens said to me, after the commanders of the prizes had made their reports.

"Not without capturing the *Biddeford*," I retorted stoutly.

"Man alive!" he exclaimed; "do you want the earth? Why, such a prize as we have in the *Mellish* is enough to turn every other vessel in our navy green with envy! Should we get the other storeship I don't know what they would do. Go to Davy Jones's locker in disgust, I reckon."

"Nevertheless, we must get her," I maintained.

"Of course we shall hunt around for her, but if we never see her, I count our trip a most successful one."

"I presume we should be elated over the fact that we have captured the *Mellish* without firing but two guns," I admitted, "but I shall not really be satisfied without that other ship, and I don't believe our captain will either."

"Probably not; and when we get her, it will then be the frigate attending the shoreships.

Some people are never satisfied," he responded with a good-natured laugh.

I laughed too, for I knew he was as anxious as myself to secure the other vessel, but, regarding it as very unlikely, he was trying to content himself with the good fortune that had already befallen us. For myself, however, I had swung to the opposite extreme of my despondency. I was now confident that the same Providence which had so clearly given us the *Mellish*, would also throw the *Biddeford* into our hands, and enable us to carry both storeships into port. Still had I been asked, I could not have told on what facts I was resting my faith.

Again we bore up towards our old station off Cape Race, knowing that if the *Providence* had survived the storm, she would work back there. In the middle of the following afternoon we sighted her, and there in her wake was the other storeship.

We were soon up with her, and her captain came on board with the manifest. How we cheered when it was announced! There were:

Seventeen hundred fur overcoats.

Eleven thousand pairs of blankets.

One thousand guns.

Two four-gun batteries.

Ammunition, hatchets, knives, flints, and general stores in enormous quantities.

The cargoes of the two vessels would arm and clothe our brave soldier boys, and feed them for many a day.

Though the officer told the story of the capture of the *Biddeford* to the Captain alone, it was not long before the tale was known all over the ship. It was as follows:

"I kept up before the storm for some hours, sir, and then for fear I might be driven in shore, turned tail to the gale and beat out to sea, keeping as close as possible to the wind. I do not think, therefore, I was as far off shore as the ship, and so was not so long in getting back to the cape.

"A few hours after I arrived there the British frigate *Milford* hove in sight, and bore down upon me. I thought it better to run than to fight such unequal odds, and so for a second time put out to sea. She chased me the rest of the day,

but I eluded her during the night hours by dropping two or three points to the southeast.

"The next morning I sighted the British storeship making up towards the headland, evidently looking for her consorts. It did not take me many minutes to decide what to do, and changing my course I sailed hard after her. She suspected my character, and tried to run away from me, but laden as she was she was no match for the sloop, and in an hour I was alongside of her and compelled her to surrender.

"Listing her cargo and putting a prize crew on her, I came on to look you up. But I see, sir, you have not been idle, and with little waste of ammunition, and without the loss of a man, both storeships are ours. We have certainly sailed this trip under a lucky star."

"We have indeed," assented Captain Jones, "and the thing now is to get the prizes safely into port. Where was the British frigate when you last sighted her?"

"About fifty miles north of here, sir, and my impression is that when I eluded her she went back towards the coast. Naturally she would make off

in that direction, hoping to pick up the store-ships."

"It may be," the Captain replied thoughtfully, "and yet we are not sure of it. She knows you were hanging around the headland, and can easily surmise the reason. If she don't find her consorts within a few hours, she may come down this way in search of them. We had better make up our prize crews, and get away from here, unless we want to fight her. I will see what the other officers think."

He signaled for all to come on board and for some time we debated the question. Some were confident that the *Alfred* and the *Providence* together would prove more than a match for the *Milford*, and thought we had better wait and fight her. But the others felt no risk of losing the treasure-ships, now they were in our hands, should we run, and this opinion at length prevailed.

So adjusting the prize-crews, the six vessels lay close together until dawn, and then, with a fair breeze to help them on their way, started homeward.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH WE SPEND AN ANXIOUS NIGHT.

ALL day long we sailed on, each new mile increasing our hope that we were to carry off our prizes unscathed, but, just as the sun was setting, there appeared behind us two frigates. We were sure one of them was the *Milford*, but could not imagine the name of the other, or account for her presence. We ascertained later, however, that it was the *Terror*, the ugly neighbor from which our sloop had, during her previous voyage, so audaciously escaped. The two had fallen in with each other, and, learning in some way that we were in possession of the storeships, had given chase.

The fact of their appearance was proof that they were outsailing us, and the prospect of a brush with sixty-four guns and over six hundred men was, in our present condition, anything but reassuring.

Our own numbers had been greatly depleted by the crews we had distributed among our prizes. The three which had already been sent to Boston had taken forty-five men from us, fifteen from the sloop, and thirty from the ship, leaving but forty-five on the *Providence*, and one hundred and ten on the *Alfred*. To man the four prizes we were now bearing off had taken fifty more, leaving us a crew of seventy-five, and our consort a crew of thirty,—two men to a gun on the latter, and three men to a gun on the former, surely not enough for very expeditious or effective firing.

Had the *Milford* alone been in pursuit, though she greatly outnumbered us in men, we should have outnumbered her in guns, and would therefore have courted her attack. I am not sure but that our captain would even have ventured to have engaged her with the *Alfred* alone. But while the ship might hope to take care of one of the frigates, the sloop was not able to cope with the other ; and under these circumstances discretion was to be found in flight.

Our six vessels, at the time of the discovery of the frigates, were near enough together for Cap-

tain Jones to send this message to each commander:

Make for the south as fast as possible in the following order: the two storeships are to have the lead: the other prizes are to follow; and the sloop is to bring up the rear. When you have put about five miles between yourselves and the ship, hold the distance, unless you hear the sound of cannonading. Then you are to crowd on all sail, and hasten along your course. I shall hope to hold both frigates at bay until you can make good your escape. But *remember* the storeships are to be saved at any cost; or, if that proves impossible, they are to be scuttled or burned. They are not to be recaptured by the enemy.

JONES, Commanding.

The *Alfred* lay to while this command was being carried out: an act which attracted the attention of the approaching men-of-war, and so surprised them that they luffed to, either for consultation, or to study out if possible the intentions of the Yankee captain. Our commander smiled grimly as he noticed this movement on their part, and remarked to me, for owing to the distribution of the other officers among the prizes I was now acting as his executive:

The frigates came on, crowding on all sail to overhaul us. Page 263.
—*In the Track of the Enemy.*

"I am not so sure, Midshipman Gardiner, but that we can stave off those fellows after all."

When our ship resumed her course, however, they came on also, crowding on all sail to overhaul us; and when night fell we held the following order: the sloop and the prize ships were five miles below the *Alfred*, while the frigates were about the same distance north of her.

Then came an anxious night, during which Captain Jones never left the deck. There was a fair breeze blowing, and each vessel, stretching her entire canvas, made her best rate of speed. The dawn revealed that while the distance between the ship and her consorts was relatively the same, the frigates had crept nearer and were now not over three miles off.

"It is easy to figure out the problem, provided the wind holds the same throughout the day," Captain Jones said to me as I came up from my watch below; "at night the frigates will be near enough to engage us. I can only hope that while we fight, the rest of the fleet under the cover of the coming darkness may escape. The outlook

for ourselves is not very bright, Master Gardiner, for it's two to one; but we'll try to sink one of them before they sink us."

I felt that he had made a very fair estimate of the situation, and looked over our men and guns, wondering what kind of a fight we could put up, and if another dawn would see us victors, or dead. As I thought of the fearful odds we should have to contend with, I could not arouse myself to any expectation of victory on our part, unless a kind Providence interposed in our behalf. But that kind Providence was already at work; for I am sure the outcome of the next twenty-four hours was largely due to the Almighty, and even the part we played in it could not have succeeded but for Him.

At sunrise the wind died away, and, except for an occasional flaw, did not blow again until nearly dark; so for twelve hours or more the vessels held almost precisely the same distance from each other as that which existed in the early morning,

"The good Lord has put his hand between us, saying to the enemy: 'Thus far shalt thou go

and no farther,'" I heard John Davis, a pious old sailor, remark to his messmates.

As soon as the calm seemed assured Captain Jones went to his cabin, leaving orders to be called when the breeze returned. There was no occasion to call him, so it was nearly sunset before he again came on deck. His countenance was cheerful, his step was brisk, his whole attitude was that of a man who was about to put some plan into execution. Not until a faint ripple on the water told us that an evening breeze was coming, however, did he speak, and then his very first order surprised me.

"Signal the *Mary Calvert* that we wish to come up with her," he said.

This was the poorest of all our prizes, one of the two we had taken while awaiting the coming of the storeships. She was a brigantine, about the size of the *Alfred*, but so old and seaworn that her cargo was the most valuable portion of her. She was the poorest sailer, too, among our fleet. I wondered therefore why the Captain desired to speak her.

But I hastened to carry out his order before

the twilight entirely failed us, and had the satisfaction of seeing that the message was understood, for, while her consorts kept steadily on their courses, she lay to and awaited our approach.

The breeze was slight and it was nearly two hours before we came up with and lay alongside of her. But the moment the gunwales of the two vessels were together Captain Jones leaped on to her deck, and said to Master Stevenson, the midshipman in command of her :

"Break open your hatches at once, sir, and bring up as much of your cargo as possible. You have just an hour to work, and must in that time get out all you can."

Then to me he said :

"Clear away your hatches, Midshipman Gardiner, and stow away the goods as fast as they come over to you. Send a squad of twenty men over here to help unload."

Still wondering what his plan could be we obeyed his commands, and soon our entire ship's company was engaged in the task of unloading one and loading up the other craft.

Just here too the special Providence that had

been over us all day again displayed itself. The breeze which had enabled us to come up with the prize died away as suddenly as it came, giving us another calm which lasted until midnight—and during those hours we kept steadily at our task, removing the most valuable portion of the stores to our own hold.

At twelve when a stiff breeze struck us, Captain Jones peremptorily ordered us to cease our work, to replace the hatches of both vessels, and to put both crafts into readiness for sailing.

Then his plan was apparent. With canvas stretched, lights set, and helm lashed so as to hold her on a western course, the prize ship was abandoned to her fate, while the *Alfred*, with lights out, cleared away to the south, following in the wake of the rest of our fleet.

Shrouded, ourselves, in the darkness we watched with satisfaction two things : the ever widening distance between our own ship and the brigantine ; and the lights of the frigates which showed they had changed their course and were following the prize and not us.

The wind constantly freshened, and it was not

long before the lights of the brigantine and of the frigates disappeared.

"There, sir," I said to the Captain who stood beside me, "your ruse has been successful. We have thrown them off our track, and if this breeze continues to increase they'll never overtake us."

"It looks that way, I admit," he responded, "but we cannot be sure. The heavy wind will help them as much as us, and they may discover the trick we have played in time to follow us up. It may turn out that we have only gained a few hours in time, nothing more. The morning will tell."

That he still regarded our situation as precarious was clear from the fact that he, for the second time, kept the deck all night, though he insisted that the crew should follow its regular watches. This kept me between decks from two to six, and when I again turned out, I found that the temperature had dropped several degrees, and the wind, having shifted into the northwest, was blowing half a gale.

Muffled in his greatcoat the captain was standing near the helm, and greeted me cheerily.

"Good morning, Midshipman Gardiner. How does that look?" and he swept his hand around towards the south; "and that?" and he pointed off towards the north.

I looked quickly, first in one direction, and then in the other, and saw below us, and not over two miles away the other vessels of our fleet, driving along like ourselves under reefed sail at a furious rate, while above us there was only a clear expanse of tossing sea.

"We've shaken off the frigates," I exclaimed gleefully.

"It looks that way," he admitted.

"Did you see or hear anything from them?" I ventured to inquire.

"Not long after you left the deck there was the faint sound of guns off our starboard quarter," he said. "I reckon it was one or both frigates trying to make the brigantine heave to."

"I wonder if they succeeded," I retorted with a laugh. "Really, sir, I'd give quite a bit of my prize money to know just what did happen, and what the Britishers thought when they found they had been chasing an abandoned craft."

He joined in my laugh as he went towards the cabin hatch. "We may hear some day. It will be a rich story when we do," he answered back as he disappeared below.

He was right. Some months later I happened to run in with an old sailor who had deserted from the *Terror*, and he told me the story.

"We saw ye," he said, "when ye overhauled one of yer own vessels, an' wondered what ye were up to. Then the second calm came, an' we noticed yer lights near each other, an' thought ye were lyin' there close together, though we had no idee ye were unloadin' one craft into the other. At midnight, when the wind again struck us, we could see yer light, as we thought, dancin' off to the west, an' took it for the tail end of yer fleet tryin' to 'scape us.

"So our capt'in ordered our course changed to follow ye up, an' a merry chase that empty craft led us. 'Fore we got anywhere near her, the wind blew stiffly, an' she streaked on before it as though bewitched. Then her helm worked partly loose, an' she sheered off a p'int or two, an' we got near enough to send a shot or two after her.

But lor', she paid no 'tention to that—for how could she, seein' there was no one on board of her —an' away she started off on her new course as though she'd taken a new lease of life.

"When the wind increased to a gale there was no one to take in her sail, an' the way it split into streamers was a sight—not that we saw it just then, though we did later when the mornin' broke. For, if ye'll believe it, we kept after that craft until daylight, an' wasn't much nearer her then than when we fired at her. The other frigate had kept along with us, an' when 'twas light enough to signal, the capt'in of the *Milford* ran up a message askin' what our capt'in made of the stranger. For they could see that she was a brigantine, an' unarmed, an' hadn't a man on her deck, while her canvas was blown into ribbons. Our capt'in replied that he reck'ned she'd been abandoned, though there might be men 'tween her decks needin' our help, so they'd better overhaul her. The other capt'in agreed, an' so we kept in her wake till the wind lulled an' the sea went down 'nough to let us board her.

"I was in the boat that went off to her, an' we

'proached her gingerly, I tell ye, for even the officer in charge of the yawl didn't know whether he'd meet spooks or the devil when he mounted her deck. Nothin' 'peared, however, an' in two minutes after we clambered up on her deck we knew it had been a trick of yer capt'in to throw us off his track. They say that our capt'in swore when he was told 'bout it, an' that the capt'in of the *Milford* cussed worse than he did. They had to swallow the joke howsomever, an' with nothin' but the old brigantine in tow to go back to Halifax."

I could not help laughing over the tale, as did our Captain when I told him of it.

"Had we known how well that old craft was leading the frigates away from us," he remarked, "I'm sure that for one I should not have spent so anxious a night."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH OUR CRUISE COMES TO AN END.

But however anxious we had been during that night, the anxiety quickly vanished the following day as, under the stiff breeze, we plowed our way through the white-capped waves towards our destination. We knew that every hour made it less likely the frigates would reappear, and, when night again shut down upon us, it brought with it the assurance that we had made good our escape. The storeships with their great treasures were ours.

Had the wind held to the same quarter, and blown constantly at the same rate, we should have made a record passage to Boston. But the sun arose the second morning on a calm sea, and gave us an early winter's day of rare beauty. All day long there was hardly a cat's-paw of wind ; and light winds were our portion for the next three days. Except this delay, however, the voyage was uneventful, and just before noon on the fifth

day after we shook off the British men-of-war we reached port.

A swift messenger carried to the marine committee the news of our arrival, and the successful outcome of our voyage. Soon the bell-ringers were out announcing the good tidings, and the town took an impromptu holiday to celebrate the event. Shops were closed, cannon were fired, crowds came flocking down to the docks to see the prize-ships, others, more bold, entered into such boats as they could find, and came out on the bay for a closer view of the great vessels which held the invaluable stores, meant originally for the enemy, but now to be used for our own armies. From a thousand throats came cheers for Captain Paul Jones and his crew. Not until evening did the excitement subside, and the throngs disperse.

Busy days now followed in appraising and unloading and distributing the cargoes of the seven prize-ships we had captured in our cruise of thirty-three days—for the three vessels we had sent in before we fell in with the storeships had all arrived in safety—and the first of the new year was

at hand before the work was completed. During that time I met with an adventure which came near being my last, and strange as it may seem to the reader, it was due to that big English captain, who had given me such trouble when I brought in his brig from the Bermudas the summer before.

He had in common with other prisoners been placed in the Bridewell, and even his presence there had quite gone from our minds, until we were startled one morning towards the close of December by hearing that this Captain Greenenough, and the five men in the room with him, had during the previous night managed to slay their guard and escape. Four of the prisoners had been recaptured, but the big skipper and one comrade were still at large.

Soon after the news reached us Anthony Jeremiah approached me while I was in charge of the deck, and touching his cap, asked for permission to speak with me in private.

"Certainly, Anthony," I said, walking over to the starboard rail with him.

"Big captain out," he began.

"Yes," I admitted, and wondering what that fact had to do with his desire for an interview.

"You look out," he went on; "he after you—revenge."

"Do you mean to say he will hang around here long enough to look me up, and run the risk of being recaptured?" I inquired incredulously.

"He find out you here, break out for that, if can kill you, no care for capture," the lad persisted.

I gazed at him somewhat startled, I confess, at this view of the matter.

"Surely he would not carry his revenge as far as that?" I finally remarked.

"He lay all to you, loss of brig, stopping his plot, say you die for it, he mean it now, no care for any other thing, look out."

I now recalled the big Englishman's threats, and understood the basis of Master Jeremiah's theory; but it seemed to me such an impossibility for the man to carry out his revenge even if he desired to, that I answered:

"He may want to do as you say, Anthony; that may even be his plan; but how is he going

to carry it out? Will he come off here, and attempt to kill me on shipboard?" and I laughed at the idea.

"Me don't know," the Indian replied simply; "he watch, he wait, he look for you on shore, some way find you, look out."

"Very well," I concluded lightly. "Thanks for your warning. I'll look out for him of course, and what is more, whenever it is possible I'll have you along. I don't forget that you saved me from his clutches once before, and I shall depend on you now."

He took it in all seriousness, and with sparkling eyes declared:

"Me go, me help, ugh! me choke him so," and he went through the pantomime of throttling the fellow. Then he went back to his station.

I could not help thinking about what the lad had said, and once, when over on the *Providence*, I mentioned this conversation to Charley Hill, asking:

"What do you think of the Indian's notion?"

My old chum took the matter even more seriously than I expected.

"Anthony has so many times proved he was right, I am inclined to put considerable weight on his view," he responded. "Anyway it will be easy for you, whenever you go on shore, to have him along with you without mentioning the reason to any one. I'd do it, and if any one can ferret out the big captain's movements, the Indian can."

So it happened that when I was sent ashore just at night to take a note to the chairman of the marine committee, Anthony was in the boat as one of the crew. Knowing I might be gone an hour or more from the yawl I gave all my men a chance to stretch their legs on shore, simply directing them to be on hand when I returned. Then nodding to Master Jeremiah I said carelessly:

"You may come up the street a-ways with me, Anthony; I have an errand for you."

He understood, and followed me silently until we were out of sight of the others, then he suggested that I go on by myself.

"Me near you, all the time," he promised.

I acquiesced, and at the next corner he left me.

Confident, however, that I should find him close at hand if I needed him, I walked rapidly on towards the residence I was seeking. Reaching the house I was told the man I desired to see was not in, but was expected every minute. As I was to bring back a reply from him, I was forced to wait his coming. An hour passed before he arrived; thirty minutes more elapsed before he had his answer ready. When, therefore, I left the dwelling, night had long since fallen, and I found it so dark it was difficult for me to see more than a dozen feet away.

At the first corner I stopped and listened. Not a sound fell on my ear. The street appeared deserted. If the Indian was near, as I had reason to believe, I could hear nothing of him. Somewhat uneasy I hurried along towards the dock, and at length reached the burying-ground, opposite the common. Here a low moan reached my ear. I stopped and again heard a faint moan from some one among the gravestones.

"Who is it? What's the matter?" I asked, forgetting all thought of personal injury in my desire to help one who might be in trouble.

"Me—bound—come quick," was the reply in a voice that sounded like that of Master Jeremiah.

Like a flash it came to me that the Indian had doubtless on his way up town discovered the big captain following me, and in the effort to capture him had become his victim. I leaped the fence, therefore, and hastened towards the spot whence the sound came. Dark as it was I was soon able to discern a man lying stretched out behind two broad headstones, and hurrying to his side I bent over him. Before I could do a thing to help him, however, or even satisfy myself that it was my shipmate lying there, a garment of some sort was thrown over my head, and I was caught up by a pair of stout arms and dashed to the ground, my head striking against one of the adjacent gravestones with a force that stunned me.

When I came to myself two men were carrying me slowly along much as they might have carried a log. I struggled to free myself, and attempted to cry out, when one of my carriers, releasing a hand, struck me with his huge fist hard enough to cause me to lapse again into unconsciousness.

How long I remained so this time I cannot tell, but when I opened my eyes again I was lying on the ground behind a huge pile of lumber, while above me two men stood, one of whom held a light made of a piece of bark directly over my face. In its glare I recognized him as the big Englishman, but the other man was a stranger.

"So I've got you at last, Midshipman Gardiner," Captain Greenenough exclaimed gleefully, when he saw I was looking at him.

"It looks that way," I replied faintly.

"I swore I'd have you, if I had to follow you to the ends of the earth," he hissed.

I made no reply.

"I overheard the guards telling about your captain, and the rich haul he had made," he continued as though gloating over the story, "and knew you must be in port. 'Now's my time,' I said, and made my escape—no matter how—for the one purpose of finding you, and now I have you. I'm going to kill you."

The last sentence was uttered with intense satisfaction. It was evident he was telling the truth. Anthony had been right in his conjecture. This

led me to think of the lad, and whether it was really he who lay bound there in the burying-place. If so every hope of my rescue was gone.

But the big captain was not through with his tantalizing.

"My friend here personated the Indian well, didn't he? You thought he'd fallen a victim to some footpad, and hastened to play the good Samaritan, and so fell into the trap I'd laid for you," and he chuckled over the thought.

"Then you didn't get him?" I inquired, a great hope rising in my heart.

"Get who? The Indian?" questioned the Englishman sharply, and raising his torch so as to look about him. He saw nothing, and turning around he kicked me savagely with his heavy boot, continuing:

"No. Tell me, did the Indian go up town with you? I thought when he left you on the street he went back to the boat."

"Perhaps he did," I answered evasively, but there must have been a look of hope on my face, for he cried out with a fearful oath:

"You are lying. He was around, and will soon

be here with help. I must finish my work, and pull out of this."

Stooping down he raised me to a sitting position with his left hand.

"Do you know how I am going to kill you?" he asked, and, without waiting for a reply, went on: "I have no pistol to shoot you; no knife to cut your throat; I've tried drowning, and it didn't succeed; so I've thought of a way that is better than all, and will leave no trace behind. Look at that hole!"

He held the light so I noticed that an opening had been made in the lumber pile by pulling out a number of boards. It was more than large enough to hold me.

"Take the torch, and give me that can of oil," he now said to his comrade, who immediately produced from under the lumber a pail of whale oil, evidently stolen from some supplies along the wharf.

While his companion held the light, the officer drenched me, until my clothes were saturated with the liquid. I attempted to cry out, but he placed his left palm over my mouth, pressed me back to

the ground, and held me there while with the other hand he completed his work of covering me with oil.

"There, my hearty," he at length exclaimed, "you will burn like a candle, and when the boards around you are also saturated with oil and set on fire, your chances of getting a taste of hell right here, cannot be beat."

Then he picked me up as if I had been a baby, and tossed me into the hole in the lumber, and began to stuff the boards back into the opening, soon smothering my cries for help. On the replaced lumber he poured the rest of the oil.

"Give me the light," I now heard him say, and the next moment I could detect the crackling of the flames. The work of my cremation had begun.

"There, she's off," he muttered.

"And we better be off," his assistant suggested.

"In a moment," he replied. "I want to make sure the pile is going to burn."

That delay was fatal, for the next minute there was a shout, followed by the noise of a scuffle; then the crackling boards were tossed aside, and

Anthony Jeremiah and Jack Robinson pulled me out of the cavity, cut my bonds, and set me on my feet.

Glancing around I found myself surrounded by my entire boat's crew, while near by were my two assailants tightly bound. The Indian in his own laconic speech quickly told his story:

He had followed me to my destination without detecting any signs of the big captain's presence. Nor was this strange, for we afterwards learned that the officer and his comrade were hiding in a tomb in the graveyard, and, having seen me pass, had laid their plan for capturing me on my return.

When I left the house of the chairman of the marine committee Master Jeremiah was still in waiting, and followed me silently. He knew when I was seized and borne away, but was not near enough to help me. Finding the men were working towards the harbor, he kept close behind them, hoping for a chance to rescue me. When they reached the lumber yard, he recognized it as one not far from where my boat had landed, and hurried off there for the crew to effect my rescue,

returning in time to save me from the awful death my assailants had intended for me.

Taking our prisoners, we now made our way to the yawl, and off to the ship. When Captain Jones heard my story he turned the prisoners over to the civil authorities, and they were tried, convicted, and executed for the murder of their guard.

The next day, except a sore head, I was myself, and quite ready to accept the invitation Charley Hill brought me to go down to his home in Barnstable on a two weeks' leave of absence. He had already secured a furlough for me as well as for himself, and we left the next morning for Cape Cod.

I will not stop here to tell of the many pleasures we experienced during our trip, but on our return to Boston at the end of our vacation we met with a decided, and to us sorrowful, surprise. Captain Jones had received orders to turn over the *Alfred* to Captain Elisha Hinman, and report forthwith to Philadelphia to become a member of the Board of Advice on Naval Affairs. He had in fact already started for that city, and with sad hearts

we realized we were not even to be permitted to bid farewell to our beloved commander.

A ray of hope, however, came to us in a message he had left with Lieutenant Fanning: It was that he expected his present appointment to last but a few months until a new ship could be built for him, and when he assumed command of this vessel he should try to arrange for all of his old officers to be given berths on her. Writing as I now do many years after that day, I may add here that that hope was realized. But that is another story. The cruise of the *Providence* and the *Alfred* "in the track of the enemy" properly ends here.

THE END.

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In point of publication, "Darnley" is that work by Mr. James which follows "Richelieu," and, if rumor can be credited, it was owing to the advice and insistence of our own Washington Irving that we are indebted primarily for the story, the young author questioning whether he could properly paint the difference in the characters of the two great cardinals. And it is not surprising that James should have hesitated; he had been eminently successful in giving to the world the portrait of Richelieu as a man, and by attempting a similar task with Wolsey as the theme, was much like tempting fortune. Irving insisted that "Darnley" came naturally in sequence, and this opinion being supported by Sir Walter Scott, the author set about the work.

As a historical romance "Darnley" is a book that can be taken up pleasurably again and again, for there is about it that subtle charm which those who are strangers to the works of G. P. R. James have claimed was only to be imparted by Dumas.

If there was nothing more about the work to attract especial attention, the account of the meeting of the kings on the historic "field of the cloth of gold" would entitle the story to the most favorable consideration of every reader.

There is really but little pure romance in this story, for the author has taken care to imagine love passages only between those whom history has credited with having entertained the tender passion one for another, and he succeeds in making such lovers as all the world must love.

CAPTAIN BRAND, OF THE SCHOONER CENTIPEDE. By Lieut. Henry A. Wise, U. S. N. (Harry Gringo). Cloth, 12mo. with four illustrations by J. Watson Davis. Price, $1.00.

The re-publication of this story will please those lovers of sea yarns who delight in so much of the salty flavor of the ocean as can come through the medium of a printed page, for never has a story of the sea and those "who go down in ships" been written by one more familiar with the scenes depicted.

The one book of this gifted author which is best remembered, and which will be read with pleasure for many years to come, is "Captain Brand," who, as the author states on his title page, was a "pirate of eminence in the West Indies." As a sea story pure and simple, "Captain Brand" has never been excelled, and as a story of piratical life, told without the usual embellishments of blood and thunder, it has no equal.

NICK OF THE WOODS. A story of the Early Settlers of Kentucky. By Robert Montgomery Bird. Cloth, 12mo. with four illustrations by J. Watson Davis. Price, $1.00.

This most popular novel and thrilling story of early frontier life in Kentucky was originally published in the year 1837. The novel, long out of print, had in its day a phenomenal sale, for its realistic presentation of Indian and frontier life in the early days of settlement in the South, narrated in the tale with all the art of a practiced writer. A very charming love romance runs through the story. This new and tasteful edition of "Nick of the Woods" will be certain to make many new admirers for this enchanting story from Dr. Bird's clever and versatile pen.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers, A. L. BURT COMPANY 52-58 Duane St., New York.

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A series of romances containing several of the old favorites in the field of historical fiction, replete with powerful romances of love and diplomacy that excel in thrilling and absorbing interest.

GUY FAWKES. A Romance of the Gunpowder Treason. By Wm. Harrison Ainsworth. Cloth, 12mo. with four illustrations by George Cruikshank. Price, $1.00.

The "Gunpowder Plot" was a modest attempt to blow up Parliament, the King and his Counsellors. James of Scotland, then King of England, was weak-minded and extravagant. He hit upon the efficient scheme of extorting money from the people by imposing taxes on the Catholics. In their natural resentment to this extortion, a handful of bold spirits concluded to overthrow the government. Finally the plotters were arrested, and the King put to torture Guy Fawkes and the other prisoners with royal vigor. A very intense love story runs through the entire romance.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BORDER. A Romance of the Early Settlers in the Ohio Valley. By Zane Grey. Cloth. 12mo. with four illustrations by J. Watson Davis. Price, $1.00.

A book rather out of the ordinary is this "Spirit of the Border." The main thread of the story has to do with the work of the Moravian missionaries in the Ohio Valley. Incidentally the reader is given details of the frontier life of those hardy pioneers who broke the wilderness for the planting of this great nation. Chief among these, as a matter of course, is Lewis Wetzel, one of the most peculiar, and at the same time the most admirable of all the brave men who spent their lives battling with the savage foe, that others might dwell in comparative security.

Details of the establishment and destruction of the Moravian "Village of Peace" are given at some length, and with minute description. The efforts to Christianize the Indians are described as they never have been before, and the author has depicted the characters of the leaders of the several Indian tribes with great care, which of itself will be of interest to the student.

By no means least among the charms of the story are the vivid word-pictures of the thrilling adventures, and the intense paintings of the beauties of nature, as seen in the almost unbroken forests.

It is the spirit of the frontier which is described, and one can by it, perhaps, the better understand why men, and women, too, willingly braved every privation and danger that the westward progress of the star of empire might be the more certain and rapid. A love story, simple and tender, runs through the book.

RICHELIEU. A tale of France in the reign of King Louis XIII. By G. P. R. James. Cloth, 12mo. with four illustrations by J. Watson Davis. Price, $1.00.

In 1829 Mr. James published his first romance, "Richelieu," and was recognized at once as one of the masters of the craft.

In this book he laid the story during those later days of the great cardinal's life, when his power was beginning to wane, but while it was yet sufficiently strong to permit now and then of volcanic outbursts which overwhelmed foes and carried friends to the topmost wave of prosperity. One of the most striking portions of the story is that of Cinq Mar's conspiracy; the method of conducting criminal cases, and the political trickery resorted to by royal favorites, affording a better insight into the state-craft of that day than can be had even by an exhaustive study of history. It is a powerful romance of love and diplomacy, and in point of thrilling and absorbing interest has never been excelled.

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A series of romances containing several of the old favorites in the field of historical fiction, replete with powerful romances of love and diplomacy that excel in thrilling and absorbing interest.

WINDSOR CASTLE. A Historical Romance of the Reign of Henry VIII., Catharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn. By Wm. Harrison Ainsworth. Cloth, 12mo. with four illustrations by George Cruikshank. Price, $1.00.

"Windsor Castle" is the story of Henry VIII., Catharine, and Anne Boleyn. "Bluff King Hal," although a well-loved monarch, was none too good a one in many ways. Of all his selfishness and unwarrantable acts, none was more discreditable than his divorce from Catharine, and his marriage to the beautiful Anne Boleyn. The King's love was as brief as it was vehement. Jane Seymour, waiting maid on the Queen, attracted him, and Anne Boleyn was forced to the block to make room for her successor. This romance is one of extreme interest to all readers.

HORSESHOE ROBINSON. A tale of the Tory Ascendency in South Carolina in 1780. By John P. Kennedy. Cloth, 12mo. with four illustrations by J. Watson Davis. Price, $1.00.

Among the old favorites in the field of what is known as historical fiction, there are none which appeal to a larger number of Americans than Horseshoe Robinson, and this because it is the only story which depicts with fidelity to the facts the heroic efforts of the colonists in South Carolina to defend their homes against the brutal oppression of the British under such leaders as Cornwallis and Tarleton.

The reader is charmed with the story of love which forms the thread of the tale, and then impressed with the wealth of detail concerning those times. The picture of the manifold sufferings of the people, is never overdrawn, but painted faithfully and honestly by one who spared neither time nor labor in his efforts to present in this charming love story all that price in blood and tears which the Carolinians paid as their share in the winning of the republic.

Take it all in all, "Horseshoe Robinson" is a work which should be found on every book-shelf, not only because it is a most entertaining story, but because of the wealth of valuable information concerning the colonists which it contains. That it has been brought out once more, well illustrated, is something which will give pleasure to thousands who have long desired an opportunity to read the story again, and to the many who have tried vainly in these latter days to procure a copy that they might read it for the first time.

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND. A story of the Coast of Maine. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Cloth, 12mo. Illustrated. Price, $1.00.

Written prior to 1862, the "Pearl of Orr's Island" is ever new; a book filled with delicate fancies, such as seemingly array themselves anew each time one reads them. One sees the "sea like an unbroken mirror all around the pine-girt, lonely shores of Orr's Island," and straightway comes "the heavy, hollow moan of the surf on the beach, like the wild angry howl of some savage animal."

Who can read of the beginning of that sweet life, named Mara, which came into this world under the very shadow of the Death angel's wings, without having an intense desire to know how the premature bud blossomed? Again and again one lingers over the descriptions of the character of that baby boy Moses, who came through the tempest, amid the angry billows, pillowed on his dead mother's breast.

There is no more faithful portrayal of New England life than that which Mrs. Stowe gives in "The Pearl of Orr's Island."

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